

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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## A LOVE-THOUGHT.

If thou wert only, love, a tiny flower,  
And I a butterfly with gaudy wings,  
Flitting to changing scenes each changing  
hour,

Careless of aught save that which pleasure  
brings —

Not even I could leave the lowliest glade  
That held thy loveliness within its shade.

If thou wert but a streamlet in the vale,  
And I a sailor on a stormy sea,  
Flying through whirling foam beneath the  
gale,

Chartless in all that wild immensity —  
Thy murmuring voice would echo in my soul  
Through howling storm or crashing thunder-  
roll.

If, darling, thou wert but a far-off star,  
And I a weary wanderer o'er the plain,  
Unwitting of celestial worlds afar,  
And knowing naught of all the shining  
train —

My glance would single out thy ray serene,  
Though blazing suns and planets rolled be-  
tween.

Yet, dear one, thou art these to me, and more :  
My flower, whose radiance passeth all decay ;  
My streamlet of sweet thoughts in endless  
store ;

My star, to guide my steps to perfect day ;  
My hope in earth's dark dungeon of despair ;  
My refuge 'mid life's weary noonday glare.

Chambers' Journal. H. ERNEST NICHOL.

## ARE ALL THE CHILDREN IN?

The darkness falls, the wind is high,  
Dense black clouds fill the western sky ;  
The storm will soon begin ;  
The thunders roar, the lightnings flash,  
I hear the great round raindrops dash —  
Are all the children in ?

They're coming softly to my side ;  
Their forms within my arms I hide,  
No other arms are sure ;  
The storm may rage with fury wild,  
With trusting faith each little child  
With mother feels secure.

But future days are drawing near,  
They'll go from this warm shelter here  
Out in the world's wild din ;  
The rain will fall, the cold winds blow,  
I'll sit alone and long to know  
Are all the children in ?

Will they have shelter then secure,  
Where hearts are waiting strong and sure,  
And love is true when tried ?  
Or will they find a broken reed,  
When strength of heart they so much need  
To help them brave the tide ?

God knows it all ; his will is best ;  
I'll shield them now and yield the rest  
In his most righteous hand ;  
Sometimes the souls he loves are riven  
By tempests wild and thus are driven  
Nearer the better land.

If he should call us home before  
The children land on that blest shore,  
Afar from care and sin,  
I know that I shall watch and wait,  
Till he, the keeper of the gate,  
Lets all the children in.

Transcript.

## AN AUTUMN RHYME.

WHEN the breath of March was keen,  
And the woods were brown and bare,  
Covered from the cruel air  
In a tangled bed of green,  
Violets grew unplucked, unseen,  
Sweet and meet to wreath your hair,  
If it only could have been.

But Love's heart and hope were strong,  
And he smiled, and whispered low,  
" When the summer roses blow,  
And the summer swallows throng,  
Though a little while be long,  
She will come at last to know,  
She will take our flowers and song."

Now encroaching sunset shows  
That the year hath turned his face  
Unto failure and disgrace,  
Brooding mists and beating snows,  
And along the garden rows  
Leaf and petal fall apace,  
And with each a poor hope goes.

Academy.

B. NICHOLS.

## HENRY FAWCETT.

O STRENUOUS spirit, darkling hast thou shined !  
O light unto thy country, who hast lent  
Eyes to the dim hope of the ignorant !  
Why the great form of Justice standeth blind  
Thou dost make plain. From thy immured  
mind  
Thou, as from prison-walls, thy voice hast  
sent  
Forceful for faculty's enfranchisement,  
And free commerce of sympathies that bind  
Men into nations ; even thy harsh divorce  
From the familiar gossip of the eyes  
Moved thee to speed sweet human inter-  
course  
By art's most swift and kindly embassies :  
So didst thou bless all life, thyself being free  
Of faction, that last bond of liberty.

MICHAEL FIELD.

November 10th

Spectator.

From The Fortnightly Review.

## MR. GLADSTONE.

THE place which will ultimately be assigned to Mr. Gladstone in the ranks of English statesmen can only be fixed by one who is prophet as well as critic. At the present moment he is seen by opponents, and even by friends, through so disturbing a medium of prejudice and partiality; he is presented to the public, by those who pass judgment upon him, in so grotesque and inconsistent a variety of aspects and disguises; he is to such an extent the victim of contradictory and antagonistic superlatives; above all, the exact quality of his influence upon the course of events, and the members of his party, is so difficult to define; the results, in some cases even the tendencies, of his statesmanship are so incalculable, — that only the very rash, foolish, and ignorant would presume to anticipate the verdict of posterity on the prime minister. It is a task at once less perilous and more profitable, to measure and classify the attributes by which he has acquired the position he now holds; to summarize a few of the idiosyncrasies of a man who is admitted by his bitterest detractors and enemies to be a commanding force in the political life of England; to define some respects in which he differs from the most distinguished of his contemporaries, and some peculiarities which, as he is nearing the completion of his seventy-fifth year, have accompanied the successive stages of his political development.

It is now just one month less than fifty-two years that Mr. Gladstone entered Parliament as Tory member for Newark. Since then he has travelled the whole distance which separates the early Toryism of Sir Robert Peel from the Liberalism of Cobden and Bright, and far more than the distance which separated Sir Robert Peel's protectionism from his conversion to free trade. The contrast between Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Gladstone, and between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright, is striking. The changes of opinion undergone by Sir Robert Peel are surpassed in the changes illustrated in the career of the prime minister. But in the case of Mr. Gladstone they have been accom-

plished far more gradually and laboriously than in the case of Sir Robert Peel. During the debates on the Irish Church Act, the severest reproach which Mr. Disraeli could bring against the author of the measure was that he had formerly been a champion of the Protestant Establishment in Ireland, and that he had spoken in its favor when an undergraduate at Oxford. Neither Mr. Disraeli nor any one else could taunt Mr. Gladstone with having, like Peel, been returned to power to give effect to one policy and then espousing and executing another. To say this is not to bring any charge against the memory of one of the greatest ministers of the century, and, according to Lord George Bentinck's biographer, "the greatest member of Parliament who ever lived." Peel's hand was forced by famine. The arguments with which imminent pestilence, bred of starvation, and the murmurs of approaching revolution supplied him, were unanswerable. He would have been no true patriot or statesman if he had held out against them. But though the desertion of his principles was prescribed by a destiny whose decrees he could not withstand, the fact of their unexpectedly sudden desertion remains. If Mr. Gladstone's position has been established on the ruins of his old beliefs; if he destroyed that Irish Church of which he was once the enthusiastic advocate; if, in other fields of legislation, he has led his followers to the attack of strongholds which he once defended, — it has been after due notice and upon clear and unambiguous pretences. In "A Chapter of Autobiography" he has demonstrated the processes by which he arrived at the conclusion that the Established Church in Ireland, which he had formerly held reconcilable with civil and national justice, could not be perpetuated without gross injustice. His original case, he says, was that "the Church of Ireland must be maintained for the benefit of the whole people of Ireland, and must be maintained as the truth, or it cannot be maintained at all." The latter condition was violated by the Maynooth grant; the former was disposed of by existing facts. "I never held," writes Mr. Gladstone in

this Chapter, "that a national Church should be permanently maintained except for the nation. I mean either for the whole of it, or at least for the greater part, with some kind of real concurrence or general acquiescence from the remainder."\* This language explains how it was that in the spring of 1868, in the debate on Mr. Maguire's motion, Mr. Gladstone first declared that "for the settlement of the Irish Church, that Church as a State Church must cease to exist." Mr. Disraeli's comment was that "the right honorable gentleman had come upon them all of a sudden like a thief in the night." But this suddenness — and it was naturally exaggerated by the Tory leader — was an entirely different thing from the adoption of a policy the exact opposite of which his party and the country had entrusted to a minister; and when Mr. Gladstone came into office six months later, it was with a special commission to disestablish the Irish Church.

The contrast between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright is even more strongly marked than that between Mr. Gladstone and Sir Robert Peel. As he now draws towards the end of his career Mr. Bright cannot be charged with having abandoned, violated, or withdrawn a single principle that he ever proclaimed. Not a flaw of inconsistency or blemish of self-contradiction is to be seen in his whole career. Others have come round to him; he has lived to behold the convictions, which he firmly embraced and which were condemned as extravagant and absurd, incorporated into the accepted doctrines of the Liberal party and of all parties, and into the unquestioned traditions of English policy. But though Mr. Gladstone's record and retrospect are of the most opposite character, his mutations have never had anything in them of vacillation; they have partaken from the first of the nature of a slow growth, and have indicated the successive periods of an intellectual development. Slowly, but with the certainty of daybreak, his horizon has expanded. He has himself told us that when he en-

tered public life, he had but an imperfect sense of the ineffable blessings of liberty. This deficiency was not unnatural to one who had been brought up in the strictest school of authority and tradition, and who in early manhood was, in Macaulay's familiar words, "the rising hope of the stern and unbending Tories." As men rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things, so Mr. Gladstone has throughout his whole public life been engaged in bursting, and disentangling himself from, the ceremonies of his dead faiths. Whether he would have been greater or less than he is but for this progressive movement of his mind may be questioned; it is certain that he is indebted to it for much of the power which he exercises over those who are associated with him, however remotely or indirectly, in public life. It is because Mr. Gladstone has been so consistently inconsistent, because the continuity of his views and beliefs has known such decisive, if slowly consummated, solutions, that he has carried with him so large a group of politicians, and so overwhelming a majority of the English people. The process of self-education has enabled him effectually to educate others. Those who have themselves learned slowly, at school or college, were declared by Dr. Arnold to make the best schoolmasters, because they could most easily place themselves in the position of unreciprocative schoolboys. The wealth of words which Mr. Gladstone expends upon any proposal he introduces to the House of Commons; the variety of the points of view from which he looks at it; his minute weighing of every sort of counter consideration; the nice and, as they may seem, the tedious and sophistical distinctions which he draws between shades of thought and forms of words, — each of these reflects or suggests some experience of his own mental discipline. There are few objections to any policy or scheme of legislation which he has not appreciated, and which consequently he does not set himself to remove. For this reason he is in his treatment of public topics the least dogmatic of statesmen. Mr. Bright, who has neither receded from nor advanced beyond the tenets with which he first en-

\* *Gleanings of Past Years*, vol. vii., pp. 112, 113, and *seq.*



tered public life, cannot avoid a certain autocracy and absolutism in a statement of opinion. He has been troubled with no doubts, and even his fertile imagination can make little allowance for doubters. But it is to the doubters, the most illustrious of whom he himself has been, that Mr. Gladstone chiefly addresses himself. Hence the extraordinary complexity and comprehensiveness of his argumentation; hence what may be called the metaphysical quality in his eloquence, the subtle series of appeals to the consciousness of his hearers which runs like an undertone through his most splendid orations, and which is perhaps the secret of their occasional verbosity and even obscurity.

Whatever history may say of Mr. Gladstone it will not say that he was a perfect leader of the House of Commons. He fails to be this for the very reasons which make him a great popular leader in the country. He understands more of man in the abstract than of man in the concrete; more of the passions which sway humanity in the bulk, than of the motives to which individuals are amenable, and the treatment to be applied to them. He is at his best when he is the exponent not so much of the policy of a party as of the ideas which animate that policy, and which touch the heart of nations. It was not till he had made his famous "flesh-and-blood" speech that Mr. Gladstone was really recognized as a great popular leader, and struck a responsive chord that still vibrates in the breasts of the English people. He had hitherto been best known as a financier, as the greatest chancellor of the exchequer England ever had, and as somewhat academic, narrow, and exclusive in his sympathies and tastes. But this phrase, to which additional effect was given by the glow of the language and the atmosphere of ideas associated with it, produced an instantaneous and almost electrical result. The place into which he may be then said to have leaped, he has continued to hold. Notwithstanding his temporary retirement and the eclipse which, with the metropolitan public, his popularity suffered in the melodramatic days of Jingoism, events have conclusively shown that Mr. Gladstone surpasses all

his contemporaries in his power of interpreting, and placing himself at the head of, public feeling, when it is deeply moved. The Bulgarian atrocities supplied him with one of those opportunities exactly congenial to his character and gifts. His two Midlothian campaigns, whether in their oratorical labors or in the results that followed them, form a monument which supplies a fair measure of the greatness of the man. He took his stand upon general principles, upon those elementary ideas of justice, of humanity, which all can understand, and which he had, in his reply to Lord Palmerston thirty years earlier during the Don Pacifico debate, clearly foreshadowed. This reply is so remarkable, so appositely prophetic of the attitude which in foreign policy Mr. Gladstone has since repeatedly assumed, and so comparatively little known, that no apology need be offered for quoting an extract from it here:—

The noble Lord [Lord Palmerston] vaunted, amid the cheers of his supporters, that under his administration an Englishman should be, throughout the world, what the citizen of Rome had been. But, I ask, what then was a Roman citizen? He was a member of a privileged caste; he belonged to a conquering race, to a nation that held all nations bound down by the hand of imperial power. For him there was to be an exceptional system of law; for him principles were to be asserted and rights were to be enjoyed, that were denied to the rest of the world. Is such, then, the view of the noble lord as to the relation that is to subsist between England and other countries? Does he make the claim for us that we are to be uplifted on a platform high above the standing-ground of other nations? It is indeed too clear that too much of this notion is lurking in his mind; that he adopts, in part, that vain conception that we, forsooth, have a mission to be the censors of abuses and and imperfections among the other countries of the world; that we are to be the universal schoolmasters, and that all who hesitate to recognize our office should have the war of diplomacy, at least, forthwith declared against them. And certainly, if the business of a foreign secretary is merely to carry on a diplomatic war, all must admit the perfection of the noble lord in the discharge of his functions. But it is not the duty of a foreign minister to be like a knight-errant, ever pricking forth, armed at all

points, to challenge all comers, and lay as many adversaries as possible sprawling, or the noble lord would be a master of his art; but to maintain that sound code of international principles which is a monument of human wisdom, and a precious inheritance bequeathed by our fathers for the preservation of the future brotherhood of nations.

This language explains why in foreign policy Mr. Gladstone has at times reached the heart of the multitude, precisely in proportion as he has dissatisfied the cooler critics of the House of Commons, and tried the patience of foreign statesmen and chancellors. It is literally true of Mr. Gladstone to say that, Trojan or Tyrian, Englishman, Egyptian, or Ethiopian, Bulgarian peasant or Lancashire artisan, he holds them in no difference. To him the inhabitant of any country, in whatsoever quarter of the globe, and whatsoever his complexion, is first of all a man; to him he appears denuded of all the accidents of his nationality, isolated from the influence exercised on him by custom and antecedents, merely a member of the great family of the human race. As Bacon assumed that the *ingenia* of all men were equal, so Mr. Gladstone seems to assume that all who are born into this world have, innate in them, the same capacity as Englishmen of the nineteenth century, to become the orderly and prosperous subjects of a constitutional and popular government. There is steadily fixed in his imagination the *idea* of a man to which all existing types of humanity under heaven are conformable — an idea gathered from his experience of his fellow-men within the four seas. This generous appreciation of the happy possibilities latent in a universal humanity, this tendency to reduce mankind to a common yet beatified denominator, commends itself to the fancy of the multitude just as it exasperates those statesmen and diplomats to whom human beings are merely pawns on the chessboard — the creatures of circumstance, dependent for their capacities solely on geographical and physical conditions. Whatever misconception of Mr. Gladstone may exist in the mind of Prince Bismarck, or of any other Continental statesman, arises entirely from the circumstance that the point of view from which he regards human nature is diametrically opposite to that from which they regard it themselves. Hence, too, the difference which divided him from Mr. Disraeli, who, in the tactical skill with which he dealt with men as the members of a party, was as much superior to

Mr. Gladstone as Mr. Gladstone is superior to Mr. Disraeli in his insight into the control of those perennial forces which dominate mankind in the aggregate.

It is an often cited instance of Lord Althorp's influence with the House of Commons that once, in answer to a speech of Croker, he rose and merely observed that he had made some calculations which he considered as entirely conclusive in refutation of the right honorable gentleman's arguments. But unfortunately he had mislaid them, so that he could only say that if the House would be guided by his advice they would reject the amendment; which they accordingly did. Nothing of exactly the same kind is recorded of Mr. Gladstone, but in many cases he has exercised, if not in the House of Commons, yet in the country, an analogous authority. This prerogative has been displayed not only among professed Liberals, but among those very Conservatives who are most of all impervious to new ideas — country gentlemen, merchants, and country clergymen. It may be doubted whether the Irish Church would have been abolished, or the Irish Land Act of 1881 passed so easily, except for the personal ascendancy of the prime minister. There is so large and active a Conservative element in his nature that when he has advocated an organic change, some Conservatives, even though the leaders of the great mass of the party may have denounced him with all the bitterness and rancor which the English vocabulary can express, have secretly felt that Mr. Gladstone must be the victim of a great and overmastering necessity. He has carried the day rather by his moral influence than by his political cunning, and this influence has in its turn been based upon his conviction. And here it may be noticed that the doubts cast upon Mr. Gladstone's sincerity, the abuse with which, for qualities the exact opposite of sincerity, he has been assailed, have only tended to confirm the impression that above all things he is in earnest. When men are denounced for hypocrisy, with the animus which has characterized these denunciations in the case of the prime minister, one may be pretty sure that the real gravamen of the charge is an inconvenient devotion to an unwelcome faith.

Mr. Gladstone's sincerity reveals itself in various ways, some of them perhaps equivalent to congenital defects in his judgment and character. Among the many peculiarities of his mind few are more remarkable than its extraordinary

casuistical learning, coupled as it is with intense interest in ecclesiastical questions. The two traits together find their expression in refinements of ratiocination which are often most puzzling to his warmest admirers, and in occasional displays of a want of anything like a due sense of proportion. Thus he is frequently as much agitated about and concerned in matters of the veriest detail as about affairs involving the highest principles. During last session, for instance, Mr. Gladstone showed an eagerness for the Bishopric of Bristol Bill not inferior to, and sometimes more aggressively visible than, his eagerness for the Franchise Bill. "Our miraculous premier," the *Times* remarked last week in an article unusually discriminating and able, "has just given us another opportunity of admiring his many sidedness and versatility. To-day begins an extraordinary and probably momentous session of Parliament, for which both sides have been preparing by two full months of the most strenuous agitation. . . . This is the occasion which he selects for issuing a letter, more than a column in length, to a Welsh bishop on the subject of the Disestablishment of the Church. It would seem, indeed, that except for the little interlude of a run into Scotland, with the twenty or thirty speeches which that entailed, the prime minister's holiday has been given to topics much less mundane than the extension of the suffrage to county householders. There was a preface to write to the new edition of Hamilton's Catechism; there was the question of the Hittite empire, and its possible alliance with Troy, to be taken in hand."

Closely allied with the quality just noticed is his persistent attention to debates which to others seem duller than Saturnian lead. He has been known, and doubtless will be known again, to sit for hours in the House of Commons with only a score of members present, listening, not merely with indefatigable patience, but with positive enthusiasm to a succession of bores holding forth on a subject of no general interest. Could there be a more touching testimony to the infinite toleration of the prime minister? The charges levelled at him during the past recess by Lord Salisbury and others are absolutely inconsistent with this attribute. It may be observed incidentally, too, that they are mutually destructive. If Mr. Gladstone is tossed about by every gust of Radical passion, eager only to anticipate the will of his revolutionary associates,

how can he be described as a despot and dictator? Nor is the common impression that he is arrogant and imperious in his official capacity less at variance with the facts. In the Cabinet he is modest and conciliatory to a fault. Again and again, when a word from him would settle a question, he allows it to be discussed at length, and accepts without objection the decision of the majority. What is the explanation of a conventional accusation, absolutely unfounded upon any experience? The answer is not difficult. Power gravitates to the side of knowledge and ability. Water does not find its own level more sure than ascendancy comes on to the hands of the man who has the qualifications for it. Mr. Gladstone is the most commanding figure in the House of Commons. He is the best debater in it; he has had an unrivalled acquaintance with office and with affairs. He is, in a word, the first man in the popular chamber of the legislature, and his so-called dictatorial arrogance is merely a statement of the fact.

One of the reasons of Mr. Gladstone's influence with the English middle class may not yet have received the attention due to it. He is himself one of the most brilliant ornaments that the middle class, from which he himself is sprung, has ever possessed. He is the true representative of many of the most characteristic sentiments of this social order. Like Sir Robert Peel, he has a thorough sympathy with the aspirations of the commercial aristocracy, and in a far greater degree than Sir Robert Peel he has flung over the middle class a glamor higher than that derived from mere material prosperity. Mr. Gladstone is, in some respects, to look at him for a moment not as a statesman but as an English gentleman, the highest product of Eton and Oxford. As such he would have won social distinction if he had never plucked a single political laurel. The middle class, therefore, is proud of him on grounds independently of his achievements in statesmanship. At bottom it admires him even when it may not quite understand him. The very obscurity, which comes from subtlety, is accepted by the persons now spoken of as flattering to themselves since it is the attribute of one who is in a measure their progeny.

Mr. Gladstone's oratory is, as for that matter all oratory is, the reflection of the intellectual being of the orator. It is labored and lengthy because the mind and brain, which furnish the tongue with lan-

guage, are so keenly appreciative of the difficulties which may suggest themselves to hearers. If Mr. Gladstone seldom touches a theme without adorning it, he never touches a theme which he does not, for the immediate purpose in hand, exhaust. His oratory is didactic, homiletic, beseeching, commentatorial, and microscopically minute, because he does not forget how tardy the process of conviction is, and how many obstacles must be disposed of before the desired result is obtained. It is not long ago since one of his colleagues gave an account of the difference between his own oratorical method and that of the prime minister. "When," he said, "I speak, I strike across from headland to headland. But Mr. Gladstone coasts along, and whenever he comes to a navigable river he cannot resist the temptation to explore it to its source." All the dissertations on rhetoric since the world began, from Aristotle to Cicero, Tacitus, and Quintilian, down to Whately, Alison, and Arnold, may be searched before so happy and terse an illustration is encountered. For the reason embodied in this figurative definition of two oratorical schools, some of Mr. Bright's single speeches are better than anything of Mr. Gladstone. Yet it may be doubted whether there is anything finer in nineteenth-century oratory than Mr. Gladstone's impromptu speech on Mr. Disraeli's budget of 1853, or than his peroration before the division on the second reading of Lord Russell's Reform Bill was taken in 1866. In the same way his tribute to the memory of Lord Beaconsfield in 1881 was not only a masterpiece of taste and judgment, but of that peculiar class of oratorical composition to which it belonged. It also furnished a remarkable illustration of Mr. Gladstone's felicity in quotations, an ornament of debate now practically obsolete. On the whole Mr. Hayward's estimate of Mr. Gladstone as a speaker leaves nothing unsaid: "It is Eclipse first, and all the rest nowhere. He may lack Mr. Bright's impressive diction — impressive by its simplicity — or Mr. Disraeli's humor and sarcasm. But he has made ten eminently successful speeches to Mr. Bright's or Mr. Disraeli's one. His foot is ever in the stirrup; his lance is ever in the rest. He throws down the gauntlet to all comers. Right or wrong he is always real, natural, earnest, unaffected, and unforced. He is a great debater, a great Parliamentary speaker." He is also an eminently persuasive speaker, and that explains why he is less

condensed than Mr. Bright. There is no writer the tones of whose voice it is easier to hear with the ear of imagination in the inflections and convolutions of his literary style than Mr. Gladstone. There are few speakers whose speeches it is less satisfactory to read. Yet nothing is more certain than that if Mr. Gladstone's oratory were better literature it would have been less fruitful of results. The style is the man. The persistency and even the proximity of the orator are the counterparts and supplements of those qualities — the earnestness, the zeal, the wide-stretching sympathies — which have made the statesman great. And if, as has been admitted, there are single speeches of Mr. Bright's or Mr. Disraeli's of a higher literary and intellectual merit than any single speech of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Gladstone has still delivered a host of speeches every sentence of which is stamped with intellectual power, that could have come from no other statesman of the day except himself. To this order the first of his last series of Midlothian addresses — that in which he explained the whole history of the Franchise Bill — belongs. Nor perhaps was he ever surpassed in the faculty of carrying the whole House with him in a dialectical whirlwind when last session he demolished Sir Stafford Northcote. Never, again, did he astonish and delight the House with a finer display of physical and intellectual vigor than when, after having been worried for a couple of hours in the Commons, he spoke for nearly three hours subsequently on the Eastern question. On the whole the very finest speech delivered by him during the lifetime of the present Parliament is that on the Bradlaugh case. One quality is unquestionably wanting in Mr. Gladstone as an orator. He has little or no sense of humor. He seldom makes a joke; he seldom tries to do so; and if he tries he very seldom succeeds.

If this were the place in which to say anything about Mr. Gladstone as a private member of society, it would, perhaps, be enough to remark that the fullest materials for information on this point may be found in the memoirs of distinguished men not long since departed and some of them still with us, which have recently been published. Lord Malmesbury has recorded his impression that when he first met the present prime minister, then a rising young man, in 1842, he found him exceedingly agreeable. Much more copious materials for his personal portraiture will be discovered in the life of the late Bishop

Wilberforce, written by his son. On the whole, however, those who will probably be spoken of as Mr. Gladstone's equals know little or nothing more of him than they know from their habitual contact with him in public. Few statesmen of the first order possess many very intimate associates among their political peers or allies. Most of those who were once Mr. Gladstone's peculiar friends have been carried away by death. The few who still survive are either ranged in a hostile camp, or belong to a sphere of action and thought so different that personal communication with them has become impossible. The persons who are now in his private confidence appear to be chosen for reasons of the validity of which Mr. Gladstone can alone judge. Before the prime minister of England all doors fly open, and even beyond the social limits of Liberalism or Whiggism Mr. Gladstone is welcomed, and is agreeably, though, as should probably be said, superficially, known. The subjects in which he takes an interest are multifarious. He reads immensely, and within five years of fourscore his intellectual activity and resourcefulness are such that time is never wanting to him when any subject he is deeply interested in comes to the front. Has he not just written an introduction to a devotional volume? Just sixteen years ago, on December 11th and 12th, he was the guest of Lord Salisbury at Hatfield, Bishop Wilberforce being one of the company. The episcopal diary for the former of these days thus mentions Mr. Gladstone: "Gladstone as ever; great, earnest, and honest; as unlike the tricky Disraeli as possible." But next day the bishop writes: "Morning walk with Gladstone, Cardwell, and Salisbury. Gladstone was struck with Salisbury; 'never saw more perfect host.' . . . When people talk of Gladstone going mad they do not take into account the wonderful elasticity of his mind and the variety of his interests. This morning he was just as much interested in the size of the oaks and their probable age as if no care of state ever pressed upon him." That is a pleasant picture, and one intelligibly full of charm to the good prelate who drew it, and who subsequently speaks of Mr. Gladstone's power of detachment from the controversial matters of passing moment as his "chief safeguard." It may not, however, be his chief attraction to some of the more prominent members of the party which he leads. These would willingly hear him talk more about the great political struggles in which he has

been and is engaged, and may attribute what seems to them his lack of attractiveness in private life to his superficial desultoriness and to his preference to discuss topics that are not of deep or living moment to him.

Few persons will be disposed to deny that the exact position which Mr. Gladstone fills in English politics, and the precise influence he wields, belong to himself alone, and that when he disappears he will leave no successor in either of these capacities. Mr. Gladstone served his Parliamentary apprenticeship under the old *régime*. Canning had not passed away five years when he entered the House of Commons, and many of the men with whom he first went into the lobby were the associates and contemporaries of Pitt and Fox. No man who has caught the dying rays of the grand manner at St. Stephen's, who is so deeply imbued with the already half-forgotten traditions of the place, classical, literary, as well as political and official, has lived so long into and has played so prominent a part in the new order of things. Any man who had lacked Mr. Gladstone's force of character, who had not combined even his moral influence with his early associations, would have failed to learn the era of democracy based on household suffrage, with so many ideas of an essentially Tory kind. He was, as he himself has said, brought up at the feet of Canning; and his first chief in the active business of political life was Sir Robert Peel. Whatever may be thought of Mr. Gladstone's personal merits or demerits, it will at any rate be confessed that this particular combination is not likely to present itself again. The statesman who has inhaled the traditions of Toryism with his earliest breath, who was saturated as a young man with academism and classicism, who in religious matters was the friend of Newman and Keble, and who is indebted for much or most of the hold he has had upon the clergy—which is, after all, the most Conservative interest in the country—to his allegiance to those sentiments which found expression in his speeches on the Divorce Act, and again on the Public Worship Regulation Act, is a phenomenon on whose reappearance no one will count. Already there has sprung up a school of political thinkers who, while they follow Mr. Gladstone's politics, have not the slightest sympathy with the sources, or the quality of the moderating control which he exercises upon the progress of affairs. There is an immense deal in common between



Mr. Gladstone and not only the old Whigs but the old Tories, and if he ever seems to go to the verge of the new Radicalism, it is with something more than a last lingering, lingering look behind — with an earnest desire to which, as far as may be, he gives effect, to guard against the possible errors of precipitancy and excess. Yet Mr. Gladstone is at the present moment, and so long as he lives, or until he abdicates, will continue to be the leader of the Radical party. His authority and his experience have upon different occasions, and at no time more conspicuously than the present, induced his followers to limit and curtail their demands. He has stood at the parting of two ways, and by standing there has preserved a separation of the two forces of which Liberalism is composed. The history of the Liberal party has illustrated thus far, and will illustrate yet farther, the progressive movement of Mr. Gladstone's own mind. Those who affect to deplore the encouragement he has given to advanced ideas will when he has gone have abundant reason to regret the check he has imposed to their translation into fact. It may be that his departure will be followed by a schism in the Liberal ranks. In that case what has happened before will happen again, and the party of movement will carry after it the party of inaction and delay. Liberalism and Radicalism are only varying modes of the same political agency. The difference between them is one, not of principle, but of chronology. The part played by Lord Palmerston has in some sort been played by Mr. Gladstone, but, as far as it is possible to frame any estimate of the political forces now at work, Toryism will for the reasons already assigned discover that the disappearance of Mr. Gladstone will be the prelude to an era of organic political change far more stirring and drastic than that which commenced with Lord Palmerston's death.

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From The Sunday Magazine.  
AT ANY COST.

BY EDWARD GARRETT.

AUTHOR OF "OCCUPATIONS OF A RETIRED LIFE," "THE CRUST AND THE CAKE," ETC.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

#### DIVIDING WAYS.

WHILE Tom went back to his duties, sorrowfully thinking what a tangle this world is, and how much pitiful excuse

there is for the errors and follies of others, and how little safety for ourselves, unless at every step of the way we look up for the guiding of an unseen hand, and down at the path for the footprints of the Master, Robert Sinclair was speeding away to the north, with his mind full of many things.

"I must be prompt and decided," he mused. "My mother is a woman who is always easy to lead, unless her own mind is fully made up. They won't be able to go back to Quodda. There will be a new schoolmaster in the schoolhouse, and I don't know another house into which they could put their heads — they couldn't live in a mere hovel, though of course they will have to cut their coat according to their cloth (and that will be narrow enough!), and my mother would make the best of whatever was needful." So far, he thought, though silently, in words; but there was a reflection beyond, which he left unexpressed, even to himself — a thought that since their poverty might be little beyond destitution, it would be well that they should not endure it in Shetland, where the Branders were almost sure to go, sooner or later. He had not the remotest idea of what Tom had hinted — that the mother and sister should join him in the south, and either live with him in London or near him in Stockley. "If only my father had lived a few years longer!" he sighed. "By that time, doubtless, I could easily have done for them everything I should like — without crippling myself. If one has to give away one's first little savings, how are they to increase so as to be of real service to one's self or to anybody else? If I managed to spare them thirty or forty pounds a year out of my little salary, how could I ever get on? It would not be the mere pittance which I should sacrifice, it would be all my prospects of any future wealth. If I could only get on unburdened for a few years, I should be able to give them enough and to spare!"

Oh, how dangerous it is when future generosity looks so easy and delightful, while present duty seems so hard as to be impossible! When we think of what we will do, when certain circumstances have come to pass, and not of what we can do in the existing necessity! And we forget that the changes to which we look forward will be more searching than we contemplate — that when the fortune is made, the friend may be gone beyond mortal reach — that by the time our purse is full, our fingers may have got an inveterate habit of drawing its strings.



When Robert reached his mother and sister, he found that they had been proceeding, firmly and bravely, with all the matters in hand. They had chosen the father's grave under the shadows of St. Magnus. It seemed to Mrs. Sinclair a kindlier resting-place than the bleak upland graveyard at Quodda would have been. "There are trees here," she said to Olive, looking dreamily at those growing round the ruins of the earl's palace and the bishop's house, and thinking of the ancient avenue in Stockley church, down which she had walked on her wedding morning. They had bought their simple and scant stock of mourning, and were already making it with their own hands.

"You should not have allowed mother to do such a thing, Olive," Robert said almost angrily. "She is not taking much heed to anything just now, but everybody will think us most cruel and regardless to permit it."

Olive looked up, surprised. "I don't think this is the sort of thing that hurts mother," she said quietly. She herself did not feel the more comforted since her brother's arrival, as she had looked to be. "Somehow, Robert seems outside the circle where the sorrow is," she pondered, "and it seems to me that it is only those who are inside it that can console each other."

By-and-by, it might have been noticed that what the three debated over together, the mother and daughter re-discussed when alone. Of course, they could not go back to Quodda; they felt that Robert's wish was that they should not return to Shetland. They decided that they would not do so. Robert never asked them whether they would wish to be near him. They said not a word about this to each other. They only said that it might be best if they remained where they were for the present. Living would not be costly in Kirkwall. It would not be a great expense to get a few of the old household gods shipped to them from the more northern island; probably the incoming schoolmaster might take over the others at a valuation. No definite suggestion came from Robert. His hints were always negative.

One or two old friends came from Shetland for the funeral, among them Mr. Ollison from Clegga. They hinted, in their homely, kind way, that they hoped there was "something for the widow." Yes, Robert said, he was thankful to say that his father had made a certain provision by insurance. (He did not say how

small it had necessarily been.) And he himself was doing very well, and hoped soon to be doing better. He added that rather proudly, as if he resented any inquiry; at least, so the old men thought. They had not been unprepared to render a little help, if they could have done so in their own neighborly fashion. "But it is a right spirit in the young man to be so independent," they said to each other. "And it leaves the more neighborly help for such widows as have not such children of their own." And one of the old gentlemen, who at times made little investments in stocks and shares, resolved that for the future he should patronize the office which enjoyed the benefit of Robert's services. "There may not be much profit on my business," said he, "but it will do the young man good with his employers, when they see that his old neighbors have such a good opinion of his principles and abilities."

Robert returned to London, highly satisfied with himself. Everybody had told him what a comfort it was to them, for his mother's sake, to know of his existence. Well, of course, he would do something the moment the insurance money was used up; they must make that last as long as they could, certainly; and by that time, he would know better "where he was." Had he not already made one or two little speculative investments, which, if they turned out well, would at once realize what would have seemed a fortune in his eyes three years ago, but which he now characterized as "a nice little windfall"? (Did he notice how his financial vision was changing?) It would have been wasting his "opportunities" had he failed to make those investments. It would be ruin now to disturb them. No, no; everything would end well for everybody. He had not taken his mother and Olive into his confidence, because women know nothing about business. They ought to feel they could trust him in any case. And from the first, the world would treat them very differently from what it would if he was not in existence.

And then he fell into a reverie over a true history he had once heard. It was the history of a poor artist, the only son of a gentle but decayed family. His early works had given great promise, which his later ones did not fulfil. People had said he worked too much; that he seemed almost to grudge the necessary appliances for the proper practice of his art, and did not seek the inspiration and culture he might have got from travel and from the

masterpieces of other minds; that he seemed not to care to risk rising to the height of his own genius, but was content to toil on level lines, which brought him safe profit. He had been called mercenary and sordid. His mother had spoken of him as if he had sadly disappointed her; it had been discovered that his sisters did not trouble themselves even to go to see his pictures. People had pitied the mother and sisters for their withered hopes, whose fruition might well have lifted them out of their narrow life of elegant leisure and genteel economies into one of affluence and influence. But the mother and sisters dropped away, dying not long after each other. Then it had been noticed that the brother's stream of merely salable work grew slack; that he treated himself to some travelling and to some leisure, the result of which was a picture which presently made his name. People said that all this was the beneficial consequence of his entering on his mother's little fortune, and one or two got so far as to hint that, under all the circumstances, she might surely have made some self-denying arrangements in his favor during her lifetime. One acquaintance, bolder than the rest, had ventured to ask how much he had inherited. And the artist had quietly answered, "Only about one hundred and fifty pounds a year, but the sense of security and of relief from constant responsibility was the real blessing," and he had been judged a poor-spirited creature to have had so little courage to fight the battle of life on his own account. And it was only after he was dead, when his one or two bosom friends were at liberty to speak out, that the general public learned that from the very first, those leisurely critical women had been dependent upon him for every morsel of bread they put into their mouths, and that all he had "inherited" had been the cessation of the need for supplying their wants, and of the fear lest he might fail to provide for their future.

"That man was a fool," decided Robert Sinclair. And perhaps he was; but there is some folly which is nearly divine, as there is some seeming wisdom which is altogether devilish. It was a pity that true story should have had any existence, so that it could come into Robert Sinclair's mind just then. He did not accept it as any guiding for himself. He was not yet base enough to think that without discretion and reserve on his part, Mrs. Sinclair and Olive might develop into such chill vampires as the artist's family.

But the story had its influence nevertheless. The selfishness of those dead women's lives had left its pernicious trail behind them. From every life — nay, from every event in every life — there is distilled an essence, a medicine or a poison to be the blessing or the bane of the lives or the events which follow. And while some leave the precious legacy of their life's wine poured out in loving service, and others the strange bequest of their life's wine turned to vinegar by its reservation for themselves, there are yet others who drop a strange and subtle poison, which falling often into the most generous wine poured out by their contemporaries, chills and impoverishes it, and even gives it a taint which may prove deadly to some. And if there be woe to those who have lived for themselves alone, and who leave the world poorer and not richer for their having been in it, surely there must be woe, woe — a thousand times woe! — for those who have so lived that they have made the unselfishness of others seem to be folly — and have stamped the nobility of self-forgetfulness as mere madness! For the former only lay waste the plains of earth, but the latter poison the well-springs of heaven.

Olive Sinclair went back to Shetland alone, to select and carry away such remnants of the old home as she and her mother might venture to keep. The "merchant" at Wallness undertook to convey these in his cart from Quodda to Lerwick, and to ship them to Kirkwall in a little vessel he used for his own trading purposes. He seemed at first to have a curious hesitancy about undertaking the business, but in the end he named a charge for it which gave him a very fair profit.

"I would not have taken any money at all if it had been from the old lady and the lassie," he remarked afterwards, "but there's the young fellow to the fore, doing so well everybody says, and hand in glove with that Brander of St. Ola's, who is screwing all he can out of us."

Olive paid the money. She thought the charge ample, but she made no observation, though she could not help remembering many a difficult account which her father had cast, and many a tangled correspondence which he had unravelled in quite a friendly way, for the old merchant in bygone days.

Then she said good-bye to all the simple neighbors. The expressions of their sympathy concerning the sad changes in the family, and of their congratulation

concerning her brother's future, were alike received rather silently. She had never been very popular in Quodda, though everybody had always thought her clever — far more clever than Robert. "If she had been the boy instead of the girl she would have done wonders," they said to each other, watching the cart as it drove away, with Olive seated behind her household gods; looking, not back at the villagers, but out upon the blue sea and the familiar rocks.

"I don't feel as if I could work for myself," she thought. "But I can work for mother. And I suppose that is the way God always spares one something to give one strength! And if father thought too well of everybody else, why, there's only the more need that I should justify his faith in me."

And then, in their lodging in Kirkwall, the mother and daughter began that sort of life whose story is never fully written. They went out of the temporary furnished lodgings in which Mr. Sinclair had died, but they did not require to leave the house. The landlady, a poor widow herself, found them an empty attic, low-roofed and queer-cornered, for which she would ask but a humble rent.

"One room will do for us in the mean time," observed Mrs. Sinclair. "Robert will not take a holiday to come so far north very soon, and by then we may have got into something better."

"One room will do for us in the mean time," responded Olive, but she echoed her mother's speech no further.

At first, while Olive was looking for work, they had to make some inroad on the insurance money. But that inroad Olive was determined should not long continue. She got a little daily teaching, which brought in a few weekly shillings, barely sufficient to pay for their food. Then she got an evening engagement to keep a tradesman's ledgers; this brought in a monthly stipend which would just meet the rent. Early in the morning, late at night, and in the intervals between her teaching and her book-keeping, she toiled at knitting and at white seam. The gains of such labors were indeed infinitesimal, but they must not be despised, because they were needed. She found out what economy means when it has to be exercised, not in cash but in kind. At Quodda schoolhouse, despite the chronic scarcity of money, there had always been a certain humble affluence; nobody had had to study how much they could afford to eat, or whether they might put another peat

on the fire. But now she knew where to draw a line far within the limit of her healthy young appetite, and she learned how to make up a peat fire, not so as to get the most warmth from it, but so as to make it last the longest.

Yet it is only when we get down to these barren places of life that we find how rich their soil really is, if only it be properly developed. Olive began to discover that the midnight moonlight and the ruddy dawn have a secret of their own, which they keep only for those eyes which rest on their beauty a while, when hard work is over, or ere hard work begins. She began to feel as if she had private rights in the grand old cathedral on which her little window looked.

"What should we do without St. Magnus, mother?" she would ask cheerily. "How good it was of all those unknown men in the dark ages to rear its beauty for our delight! And I believe they did it all the better, that I don't suppose they thought much of posterity, but rather of the worship of God, and of doing a good day's work for those they loved."

Olive found, too, that when one gets down on a level with the poorest, so that they trust one with the real secrets of their life, one finds that there is a good deal of Spartan endurance and of quiet self-sacrifice still going forward in the world.

In after years Olive Sinclair did not find those days of strain and stress at all bad to remember. She used to say then, that she believed by the time she was an old woman she would be chiefly interesting on account of what she could tell of that period.

But then memory, with its curious alchemy for extracting pleasure from pain, always rejects pain from which pleasure cannot be extracted. The true suffering of those hard days was that, during their course, Olive felt as if she could plant no cheerful hope in any "after years," could foresee nothing but one long course of lonely, ill-required, unremitting toil, uncheered by sympathy or appreciation. There was no possibility of saving, it was as much as they could do to pay their way, scanty as were their needs; a few evil days would plunge them at once in debt — either to Robert or to somebody — and Olive soon began to feel that it would be almost more galling to accept aid even for her mother from him than from strangers; and to think, too, that such a feeling was very unnatural, and that she must be very wicked to indulge

in it. And yet why? Must there not ever be a deadly bitterness in taking alms from those whose justice would have saved us from need for them? As for any ambitions of her own, even the laudable one of providing for her own future, for the helpless old age that must come at last after the longest life of toil, Olive soon realized that she must harbor none. "Perhaps Robert will keep me then out of charity," she thought, still not without some bitterness, "and perhaps he will have a wife who will look askance at me for needing help, and will give me an old dress and a moral lecture." And Olive was right enough in her keen judgment of the way of the world, though she blamed herself for the edge on her words. For with those who think that to be lucky and rich is in itself to be meritorious, to be poor from whatever cause or course of events is to be disgraceful; he who, like Jack Horner, —

Puts in his thumb and pulls out a plum,  
And cries, "What a good boy am I!"

is sure to agree with the poet's "new style Northern Farmer," —

That the poor in a loomp is bad.

At other times, Olive would look bravely forward to the very workhouse itself. "If one has to go there after one has done one's very best, one does not need to blush for one's self, but for the world," she reflected. These sombre meditations were reserved for herself alone, for her mother she had only bright announcements of her latest triumph in the way of earning or sparing.

Letters reached them from Tom Ollison oftener than from Robert Sinclair. Tom had written a frank and friendly letter in response to the telegram which had intrusted him with news of the father's death, and the correspondence had continued since. His epistles were the one breeze from an active, prospering outer life, which stirred the two women's monotonous days. Mrs. Sinclair rejoiced in the coming of those letters, because they gave her some assurance of her son's welfare, though when Tom's allusions to Robert seemed rather curt and guarded, she often feared lest Tom had seen that he was looking ill or overworked, and was keeping something back. And so in truth Tom was, but it was not what she dreaded. Little as young Ollison knew how it really was with Mrs. Sinclair and her daughter, he felt an instinctive reluctance to tell them of Robert's social

progresses; of the dinner parties he so constantly attended, where his dress and appointments were of the most irreproachable; of the little suppers he gave among the young brokers and their more youthful clients, foolish youths of fashion who were fain to hope to meet their extravagances by dabbling a little in speculation, and of whom therefore "something might be made." Tom had been asked to several of these little suppers, and had gone — once.

Probably, despite these seeming extravagances, Robert Sinclair's expenditure was not large, it was only made exclusively for what in his eyes was his own benefit. Tom could not understand Robert. His habits seemed steady, he drank little, he held somewhat aloof from the fast talk of the men whom yet he gathered about him — perhaps gaining weight with them by so doing. He made an outward profession of religion. But all his being was absorbed in one thought, that of "getting on." The scramble seemed but to grow fiercer, the nearer he got to the goal of fortune; but then, alas! fortune has no goal — it ever recedes, often only to vanish in thin air at last.

Tom said to Robert more than once, concerning his thoughts, his ways, and his friends, were these true, were those quite upright, were the friends worthy? Robert did not say much in self-defence. He only persisted in the thoughts and the ways, made more friends of the same sort, and saw the less of Tom. Life is full of such separations.

Olive marked her mother's rapidly ageing face. She noted that her mother spoke less than of old. She would sit in silence for hours now, and her loving manner towards her daughter changed to one of absolutely supplicating clinging. It seemed to Olive sometimes as if her mother was actually asking her pardon for still loving the son, who showed so little love in return.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### A SECRET HISTORY.

DURING one of the conversations which Robert and Tom had together, soon after the return of the former from the north, young Sinclair said, rather suddenly, and apropos of nothing which had gone before, —

"Tom, do you know anything particular about your Mr. Sandison?"

Tom Ollison looked up at him with a quick, puzzled glance. The question

seemed to have a strangely familiar ring about it — as if he had heard it before — an experience which we have all of us known, and which has given rise to many elaborate theories concerning the action of the dual brain, and to more startling ones about pre-existence. Probably such experiences are generally to be attributed to nothing more than a sudden quickening, by some new combination of circumstance, of some old line of thought and feeling, and our memory is not of the word or action which seems to stir it, but of a recurring mood of our own.

At least, Tom Ollison quickly realized that it was so in the present instance. A minute's reflection convinced him that what he really remembered was his own feeling of conjecture and bewilderment when Mr. Sandison himself had asked, —

"Tom, did your father ever tell you anything about me?"

And just as he had answered then, "No, sir, except that he told me what great friends you had always been," so he loyally answered now, —

"No, Robert — except that he is very much better than his words, and I have an idea that, in this world, that is very 'particular,' and indeed 'peculiar'!"

"Ah," said Robert, and shook his head, going on mysteriously, "I suppose he does not like it spoken about. Perhaps some rebellion against his destiny accounts for his atheism."

Tom did not ask what "it" was. He always bitterly repented of having confided Grace's assertion to Robert. It was not so much that he yet doubted its truth, in the bald, materialistic sense of a fact. But since those early days he had himself been down into the depths — into depths from which he felt he could never have risen, but for a clinging, childlike faith that God was with him even there, and had hold of him even in the dark, and that God knew and believed in Tom Ollison, while Tom Ollison could not know or believe in God! And suppose Tom Ollison had been still in those depths, would God have grown tired of him and let him drop? Perish the ideal! Then, too, in rising out of those depths, Tom had not scrambled back to the brink whence he had fallen; that would be no salvation from any Slough of Despond. God had brought him out, like the Psalmist of old, into "a wealthy place," upon the richer soil nearer the Celestial City. Tom could say his creed again, now, firmly and joyfully — feeling, indeed, that he had never believed it before; but then

it did not mean to him quite the same which it had meant in days when he had thought he believed it, and would have argued stoutly in defence of its very words. (The alphabet is not the same to us, after we have learned to read, as it is when we are learning its letters.)<sup>\*</sup> Atheism was not now to him the frightful mystery which it is to those who seem to fear that God's existence may be endangered if it should ever be denied by the majority of his children, who can only live and move and have their being in him, as he in them. He now saw man as related to God, in the deepest part of his nature, as he is in his bodily existence to air and earth and fire and water; and he saw that by them man breathed and fed, and was warmed and refreshed, before he could articulate their names, and even if he was so blind or so idiotic that he could not see or comprehend them. Tom could recognize atheism and infidelity as the spiritual iconoclasts of the world, even as Judaism and Mahomedanism had been its idol-breakers, emptying shrines of maimed or distorted images, to make way for the living form of the God-man. That memory of his own good father tenderly tending him through the foolish rage of his delirium had stood Tom in good stead again and again. God could never disown his children who did not love him, because they did not know him, or could not see his face. His other children could only love him the more for such pain and such patience. And as for Peter Sandison, was there not perpetual prayer in those pathetic eyes of his? — and for what were they forever seeking, if not for God himself?

Tom Ollison was glad of one thing: that even in those early days, wherein one is so tempted to repose confidences in those with whom we are already familiar concerning those who are still strangers, he had never yielded to the temptation to tell Robert of the sealed leaves of the Sandison Bible, or of the strange in-occupancy and desertion of the best rooms of the Sandison house. The latter fact did not seem to have struck Robert, whose brief visits had been quite naturally passed in the dining-room and in his friend's own apartment.

Robert observed that Tom allowed his last remark to pass without response, and he drew an unfavorable inference from it. Probably Tom was getting "queer" himself. Well, there was really so much free thought among the members of the learned societies in whose libraries Tom's



life-work lay, that perhaps such a reputation might be good for him rather than bad; but still it was a pity, considering how Tom had been brought up.

However, Robert said nothing on this subject. Perhaps he was all the more eager to proceed with his news, because Tom manifested so little curiosity.

"Well, of course, you know that Mr. Sandison came from Shetland," he narrated, "and perhaps, though he was such a friend of your father's, that is all you do know. It is wonderful how much we all take for granted, especially concerning our elders. But when I was in the north this time, the old men who came to my father's funeral, in their natural desire to know all about things in London, let fall expressions which let me know that there was a mystery somewhere, and once I had got as far as that, be sure I lost no time in getting as far as I could go. So you really have not the least idea that Peter Sandison is no Shetlander, except by repute, and that he has no better right to the name he bears?"

"I only know that he and my father were friends from their earliest years, and that one of my first memories is of hearing his name mentioned with respect at Clegga." Tom spoke with a coldness quite foreign to his usual manner. He wished to check Robert's communications, yet he would not absolutely silence him, lest it should seem as if he feared what might be said.

Robert went on. "They say he was brought to the island in a ship, when he was a baby, and was given in charge of the old couple, who provided him with a name and a starting-point in life. One of the old men said that Peter Sandison had been a very dashing, eager sort of boy, but that a great change came over him after his foster parents' death. It was thought that then he first discovered the secret of his birth."

Tom said nothing. He was silently adjusting this new fact beside many an old one. Robert went on.

"Then they say there was a rumor that he had another terrible come-down in London, years after. They had only a vague story of that, without names or dates, gathered from the reports in home letters of other Shetlanders in the metropolis. They said that he had fallen in love with a young lady, who was supposed to be rather above him in circumstances; not that she had any money of her own, they said, but she was the daughter of some government pensioner, and she

made poor Peter understand that it wouldn't be nice on his part to take her from her genteel home, and turn her into a wife and a general servant all at once. I dare say she made him believe that, for her own part, she was ready with any angelic sacrifice for his sake," laughed Robert, with the manner of one who knows the wiles of the sex—the easy confidence of the serpent-charmer, who will not be bitten.

"Well?" said Tom Ollison, with a sharp note of interrogation. Robert Sinclair's mirth jarred and fretted him. As he would tell this story, let him hasten to its end.

"Well," echoed Robert quite complacently, "that happened which might have been expected to happen. While Peter Sandison was toiling and moiling among his books and catalogues, laying shilling to shilling, and pound to pound, a certain smart fellow, who knew both of the court-ing couple, dashed into a bold speculation, made his fortune, and carried off the lady's heart. It was only a modern version of the old ballad, don't you know, —

Let him take who has the power,  
And let him keep who can!

They say she made excuses that she was beginning to have doubts about Peter—she thought that some of his views were queer, and that perhaps it was risky to trust herself to a man with so doubtful an origin. But of course one can see what all that was worth. Well, I don't blame her. It is easy to blame people. But we must each do the best for ourselves, and a woman's marriage is always her best or her worst bit of business. She hasn't markets every week."

What could Tom Ollison say? All the true romance of his pure young heart was up in arms against such a defilement and desecration of life's sweetest sanctities. And yet by this time he fully realized that to argue over them with Robert Sinclair would be worse than useless, would only lead to further desecration, like a struggle in a church with one who has insolently spat on its altar steps. And every nerve of his warm, true nature was tingling in sympathy with Peter Sandison. Atheist, was he? If so, then whose was the root of the blame? The beloved disciple had pertinently asked, "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen?" Was it a grievous perverting of Scripture for Tom to feel that in the very spirit of that question another might be asked, "He



who finds no ground for faith in his brother whom he hath seen, how can he have faith in God whom he hath not seen?"

Oh! how glad he was to think that at the very beginning he had not been tempted to swerve from his allegiance to his father's friend, even for that bright, peaceful Stockley life which Robert had held so lightly! But while he pondered, Robert went on again.

"The old fogies told me all this news quite simply — just as they knew it. They could supply no dates, no margin narrower than a decade. Nor did they know the names of this false lady and her successful lover. The beauty of it was that I saw directly that I could supply both. They only gave the other half to a half story I half knew before. But as they never dreamed of that I got off without any suspicious questionings. Does nothing strike you, Tom? Don't you see through this?"

"No," said Tom stubbornly; "I only hear all you have told me."

"But don't you feel a clue? You must surely have heard something on which this throws a light? Do you know, I should not have been a bit surprised if you had taken the wind out of my sails by telling me you knew all about this long ago. Do you mean to say you cannot give a guess as to the identity of the nameless parties in my tale? Try."

"I am not going to try," said Tom. "I shall know when I am told. Guessing on such subjects is an unjustifiable throwing about of mud, and then some may stick on quite innocent people."

Robert was silent for a few minutes, perhaps only because he was lighting a cigar. Probably it would have been quite impossible for him to trace the line of thought which carried him on to his next remark.

"Have you heard anything of Kirsty Mail since she left the Branders' service?"

For Tom had never told him of his chance encounter with her at the railway refreshment buffet on the day when Robert went to the north. Tom could scarcely have told whether his silence on the subject had been instinctive or intentional. He told him the facts of the case now, as briefly and baldly as possible.

Robert puffed his cigar for a minute. "That girl will come to no good," he decided. "She was one of those who will have their pleasure and their leisure at any cost. If I had told all I knew she would have been out of the Branders' house long before she was."

"If you thought she was going wrong you should have spoken to somebody," said Tom. "Even Mrs. Brander herself," he added rather faint-heartedly, "though she might have discharged her, might have kept an eye on her, or have interested those in her who would have done so."

Robert shook his head. "Not likely," he observed easily. "And besides, it does not do to mix one's self up with these matters. It isn't understood. If one does so, people think there is something at the bottom of it. And before one knows where one is there is a mysterious rumor floating about one. And it will turn up some day to do one damage, when and where one least expects it."

"Well, good bye now, Robert," said Tom quite suddenly, unable longer to endure his companion's mental and moral atmosphere. It had never before occurred to him that probably the self-condemned accusers of the sinful woman in the New Testament had barely crept away from the presence of her and her merciful Master, before they began to whisper innuendoes against him whom they had left speaking to her with kindly courtesy. It is scarcely in early youth that we discover that society, like the air, is filled with floating matter, ready to settle everywhere, and to convert wholesomeness into poison. So while we hermetically seal the food we wish to preserve, let us consider the wisdom which directed that the right hand should not know what the left hand did, and which was feign to seal every good deed with secrecy — "See thou tell no man."

That very afternoon Tom availed himself of a leisure hour to go to the railway station, in the hope of seeing Kirsty, and of making some appeal to her better feelings and good sense.

He found another "young lady" at the refreshment buffet. This one had black hair and bold black eyes, with which she stared at him for a full minute before she answered his quiet inquiry after "Miss Mail."

"Miss Mail?" she echoed, "Miss Chrissie?" with a mocking emphasis on the abbreviated name. "Oh! we don't know anything of her here, and don't want to. She's gone."

Tom felt his face hot under the girl's cruel glance.

"She had a cousin, barmaid at the Royal Stag," she went on. "That one took to robbery — at least a man she knew did, a man that had run away from Edin-

burgh with her, and she was put into the dock with him, only they let her off. I don't say your Miss Chrissie did anything in that style, but she lost her place here through her carryings on, and when the man got his sentence I suppose the two girls went off together. Nobody has heard of 'em since."

Tom turned and went back to Penman Row. By that time it was twilight; and it seemed to him that at every corner he saw a face and heard a laugh which might have belonged to Kirsty Mail.

#### CHAPTER XV.

##### IN THE DEAD OF THE NIGHT.

AND so for years, while Olive Sinclair toiled and spared in the old attic in Kirkwall, and while her mother waited and prayed and sealed her yearning maternal love in a gentle silence, the life of the two young men in London advanced steadily up the grooves which each had found for himself. Tom Ollison saw his father several times, but not by his going to Shetland, or by the old gentleman coming up to London; they agreed to break the long journey for each other by meeting at Edinburgh, which spared Tom the sea voyage for which he had little leisure, and saved the father from travelling on "those railway lines" which, despite their smoothness, he mistrusted far more than the roughest waves of his own North Sea. Once, indeed, Tom went to Shetland. He did not stop in Kirkwall, except on his return journey while the vessel in which he journeyed lay in dock to take in passengers and cattle. Mrs. Sinclair and Olive came down to the shore to see him, and to exchange a few friendly words during the brief interval. It pained Tom to see how the schoolmaster's widow had become quite an old lady, with silvery hair smoothed beneath her black bonnet, and with pain and patience writ large on her sweet and mobile face. But what an interesting woman Olive had grown! rather too slight, perhaps, but gaunt no longer. What fine lines had come out in her countenance! What a wonderful light there was in her eyes! Tom only wished he could have prolonged his stay. Yet though there was nothing in the neat black garments of mother and daughter to rouse in his masculine unconsciousness any suspicion of the hard life of struggle and privation which they were living, somehow he felt that he would not have much cared to enlarge on Robert's career to them, and that perhaps it was well he was limited to

more general information as to the well-being and prosperity of the son and brother. But now that he had seen Olive Sinclair again, he felt he must see more of her, and to his dismay he found that henceforth her friendly letters were no longer a welcome, temperate pleasure, but a longed-for, passionate delight.

In those years, Tom's life enlarged greatly in many ways. He went abroad more than once, deputed by Mr. Sandison, to do work which had been offered to that well-known and respected, "though eccentric," bookseller and bookhunter. He lived a real life in those foreign cities, working amid their workers, and making friends among them. He was more than once at the great book fair at Leipsic. But he always came back, with an unspoiled heart, into the strange, subdued life in Penman Row, and the hearty, homely sociability of the homely folk among whom he worshipped.

Tom paid occasional visits to the Brander's, though the intervals between such visits grew ever longer. He could ill brook to bear the ignorant contempt with which the whole family regarded the simple peasantry of his native island, from whom too, he knew by his father's letters, every penny was being extorted and every right gradually withdrawn, and to whom were extended none of the amenities which once made feudal power a possible form of friendly protection.

There were times when it almost dawned on Etta Brander's darkened perceptions, that about this young man with his "Quixotic ideas" there was something finer than about her father and Robert Sinclair. She even got so far once as to think to herself that the world might be a pleasanter world if everybody was like him. But then it was no use to dream of what "might be;" it was clear that the world was full of quite another sort of people, and "it was of no use to be singular." She was inclined to pity Tom a little for the long hours which his work seemed to absorb, and for the nature of his recreations, the long country rambles or boatings on the river, solitary, or with some companion as hard-working as himself — the occasional game of cricket or quoits during his Saturday afternoons at his favorite Stockley. How different all these were from the gay, exciting diversions — the dances, the polo, the operas, and the pigeon-shooting matches, without which she felt she could not live! And yet young Mr. Ollison never looked bored, as she constantly felt. Why, she

even wearied so utterly of the monotony of travelling in Switzerland, that she got her father to push on to the southern gaming tables that she might snatch the feverish delights of rouge-et-noir. Afterwards she always said that she did not wonder that gentlemen enjoyed speculation.

Mrs. Brander did not make much demur over the transformation her daughter worked in the family sphere. She herself had been brought up in the strictest old fashion not to dance, not to go to a play, not to read a novel. Some forgotten ancestor of hers had rejected these things, perhaps in the days of public Maypoles, of the libertine Wycherley and of the notorious Mrs. Aphra Behn. For generations afterwards the family had walked blindly in that ancestor's footsteps, doing right (as far as it was right) wrongly, since they did it not on any principle, but because it was "the custom" of the most select section of the "respectable" society in which they had been content to move in those days. But now things were changed. Mrs. Brander's new friends were "fashionable," and had other standards. So for these, she quietly deserted her own. She did not honestly change them, as anybody may change any custom, even in sheer loyalty to the very principle which may underlie it. When she alluded to her changed social tactics, she did not say, "Things are changed," or "My views have changed." She only sighed, "The times are changed," "People think differently nowadays."

She little knew that it was words of hers which put an end, finally, to Tom Ollison's few and far-between visits to Ormolu Square.

On that evening, she had first descanted long on the graces and accomplishments of Captain Carson, whom Tom had met there again and again. Long before this, Tom had known that the captain was the heir of the good squire of Stockley, the unworthy heir, to whose advent into place, the Blacks, and all the other old tenants, looked forward with dislike, and even terror; since the young man's character was of a kind calculated to check and destroy all the good influence of preceding generations, while it had already betrayed himself into the power of eager, mercenary men like Mr. Brander, who would put every pressure on their weak and self-indulgent tool to force him to extort from his ancestral acres more rapid and showy gains than golden harvests and rosy orchards, and a race of loyal and honest

men. Already strangers had been seen about Stockley, who dropped suspicious hints concerning a big new public-house, a possible distillery, and plenty of speculative building, as facts looming in that future which was only held back by the frail life of one ageing man. Tom would have been ready to deduct a good deal of the evil report of the Stockleyites concerning young Carson, as due to their fond clinging to a happy old *régime*, and their natural shrinking from a new and doubtful one. But Tom had not been left to form his opinion of the man from these alone. At that solitary supper of Robert's at which Tom had put in appearance, he had heard Carson tell a foul story and crack a vile joke. His name had figured disreputably once or twice in the daily papers, and was seldom omitted from the suggestive chat of society journals. Mr. Brander did not disguise his own judgment of the man, especially of late, since the interests of his succession had been mortgaged, as he said, "to their very hilt." Nay, Mrs. Brander herself saw no necessity for disguising her knowledge that "the poor dear captain had been very wild," while she went on to say "what perfect manners he had, and how sweet his disposition seemed, and how she was quite sure his heart was thoroughly good at bottom."

Tom Ollison could not help thinking what different measure was meted to Captain Carson and to Kirsty Mail. But he knew that to draw any such parallel would seem to Mrs. Brander like insanity, and would be regarded by her as a personal insult. So, wishing his words to carry some conviction, rather than to merely relieve his own feelings, he only said, —

"The more attractive such men as Captain Carson may be, the more pestilential are they in society."

"Oh, now you are uncharitable!" cried the lady; "we must always hope for the best. I don't believe the captain would harm a fly. There are so many temptations for men of rank and wealth that we must not judge them hardly. I believe the captain really aspires after better things. He told me that he finds it a real treat to go sometimes to St. Bevis's Church, it is so sweet to hear the trained choir singing in the dim, religious light. There is always hope for a man who is religiously disposed." There she paused for a while and then asked, "Is it true, as Robert says, that your poor Mr. Sandison is an atheist?"

Tom felt his face flush. Had his sacred,

though rash confidence been thus bandied about?

"Madam," he said, "I have never heard Mr. Sandison name God."

"Ah," sighed the lady, "I feared and foresaw that it would be so. And once it was so different. He thought and spoke a great deal of sacred things. And most reverently, too — or, of course, I should not have allowed it. Only he permitted himself to think too deeply, and to venture to think in new ways. I foresaw how it would end." She sighed again sentimentally, and then bending over her crewel work, said, in a lower voice, "He and I were once rather friendly. Poor dear Peter! Without doubt, he has mentioned that to you, when he has heard of your visits here."

"He never did so, madam," Tom was glad to be able to reply. Tom had been unable to suppress sundry conjectures which Robert's hints had aroused, but he had never given them voice. "He never mentioned that, madam. But when I said I had never heard him name God, I was going on to say, that had I gone into his house a pagan, I am sure I should have asked what God my master served, whose service made him so tender and true in his dealings with all men. Perhaps he has learned, maybe too bitterly, to trust words less and deeds more."

For many a little secret had Tom discovered to his master's credit, as, for instance, he had come across the hotel bill for that Christmas dinner for the Shands which had aroused Grace's ire (though even now he could not guess that the festivity had been first planned in kindness to himself); and he had discovered that the wheel and the Shetland prints had been bought to give the old attic a homely look for his eye. And was he going to discuss the mute agonies of the noble soul which haunted Peter Sandison's pathetic eyes, with this shallow dame, who fancied she had faith because she did not know that faith is of the heart and the life, and not of the lip? No, never. And from that day he never returned to Ormolu Square.

Etta Brander and Robert Sinclair had been long openly engaged, and their approaching marriage was even being discussed by this time. Everybody regarded Robert as one of "the most rising young men in the City." He had made one or two very lucky hits. But life was a hard and constant strain upon him, being, in one of its aspects, a gambling game, in which at any time much of the luck might

set against him; on the other, a perpetual struggle to keep his resources up to the ever-rising water-mark of his ambitions, and the needs which grew out of them. People told Etta that she was "a very fortunate girl," and Etta grew quite satisfied that to consult high-art authorities on the furniture of one's future home, and to invent æsthetic novelties for one's *trousseau*, was vastly better than any idyllic love in a cottage, though somehow all the poets and the painters seemed to find the latter the better subject whereon to exercise their gifts, and she found it very nice to buy pretty pictures of people whom in real life she would have only pitied and patronized. For her, there were few lovers' confidences in the gloaming, few lovers' roamings in forest or on seashore, but she saw quite as much of Robert as she wished at the balls and dinner parties to which they were both invited. Etta's own ambitions were growing daily, and as she knew that "business" meant means to gratify them, she never grudged to find "business" her very successful rival.

"Etta," said one of her friends to her once, "at one time, I half thought you were in love with that naughty Captain Carson."

"Perhaps I was," Etta calmly admitted. "I think I liked him better than I ever liked any other man."

"And yet —" said the friend significantly.

"And yet I shall marry Robert Sinclair," Etta answered; "that is quite a different thing."

Etta had heard little — and asked nothing — about the mother and sister in the far north. "They were living quietly in a cathedral town there," she said. That had a pretty and an aristocratic sound. To do her justice, she knew nothing more. Possibly Robert had encouraged her dislike to the thought of ever visiting those remote islands. Mr. Brander himself had gone to his northern estate several times, and had always returned in a bad temper, saying "he would be glad to wash his hands of the whole concern; it was the worst investment he had ever made; he might as well have acted like an old woman, and put the money into consols!"

It was just before Robert and Etta were married, that one evening, as Mr. Sandison and Tom sat together at supper in the dining-room at Penman Row, Grace came in and announced, in her very sourest manner, "that somebody had been

a-calling for Mr. Ollison. But when the boy fetched me to her, I told her you weren't in, and I didn't know when you would be in." Seeing Tom's reproachful expression Grace went on, "Well, you weren't in at the minute, though I knew you'd be home directly. But she wasn't one of the sort to come about a decent house. I'll warrant she'll come again, sharp enough, so I thought I'd let you know first, and you can tell me what is to be said to her."

"Who was she?" Tom asked. Old Grace could understand such questions by her eyes, though they did not reach her ears.

"She was a bad one, whoever she was," answered the old woman. "Dressed in tawdry finery, with a fluff of yellow hair and blue eyes, a-crying, and all in a fuss. Coming begging, of course, and making you believe she meant to reform!"

"Kirsty Mail at last!" exclaimed Tom, rising from his chair. "And to think she has been sent away like this!"

Grace could see the young man's agitation. She laughed in her dismal, cavernous way. "Oh, that sort don't kill themselves often," she croaked. "And when so, maybe it's the best thing they can do. I gave her a good piece of my mind."

"Woman!" said Mr. Sandison, "if there is no mercy in your heart, is there no reflection in your bosom which should teach you words and thoughts far different from these? If not, how can God himself help you?"

There was something awful in the master's tone. It sent a strange thrill through Tom. It was neither loud nor angry, only unutterably piercing and sad. The words could not have reached Grace's deaf ears, scarcely even the voice, yet for the first time since Tom had known her, she quailed visibly. Her sallow face blanched, and as it did so, a weird youthfulness swept over it, and a wild light as of fear and defiance flashed in her black eyes. But they could not meet her master's. Without another word she sidled out of the room, as if from the presence of something which she feared to face, yet on which she dared not turn her back.

Mr. Sandison rose from his seat. "That poor soul, driven away from the door," he said, in low solemn accents (he knew all that Tom knew of the story of Kirsty Mail), "where is she now? and what will be her thoughts of God to-night?"

"Wherever she is, God is with her," said Tom quietly, "and whatever are her thoughts of him, he has only loving

thoughts of her. And surely," he added, with a slow, gentle reverence, "he will marvel, if, in a world where he sent his own son in his own likeness, there are those who will mistake such as Grace Allan for any representative of him."

Once again, Mr. Sandison threw Tom a quick, bright glance, like one of sudden and happy recognition. He did not say another word, but walked straight from the parlor up-stairs, and into his own room.

Tom did not linger long behind. It struck him that he could no longer say he had never heard Mr. Sandison name God, and that he had now named him, not as any unbeliever might, but from the standpoint of one who entered into his yearning love, defeated by human hardness, and who suffered, as a son might, to see his father misrepresented and misunderstood in his own family. And it struck Tom, too, that, for the moment, it had not startled him to hear Mr. Sandison speak so, despite the belief he had held for so many years concerning him, and the silence which had confirmed it.

The three bedrooms of the establishment were all on the same highest landing, above the other flats of closed-up rooms. Grace was in her room already, but all there was darkness and silence. Mr. Sandison was in his; he believed he had closed the door behind him, but the latch had slipped, and it stood slightly ajar. As Tom passed, he saw the master of the house kneeling by his low bedside, his face buried in his hands.

Tom crept by, with a blush on his face for his unintentional intrusion.

In the dead of the night he awoke suddenly. It seemed to him that somebody had passed down-stairs. Yet the sound which had penetrated his slumbers was scarcely that of a footstep, rather of a hand drawn stealthily along the outer wall, groping in the darkness.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### AN ARTIST'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.\*

SIGNOR DUPRE is one of the best known of Italian sculptors. His works are pointed out to the traveller in many places where they stand in comparison with the greatest works at least of the old Italian masters, and his influence upon modern

\* *Thoughts on Art, and Autobiographical Memoirs of Giovanni Duprè.* Translated by E. M. Peruzzi. W. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London.



art in this particular domain has been great. If any living artist has a right to be listened to respectfully when he speaks of the principles and processes of the work to which he has dedicated his life, he is the man who should command our attention. Through a period of so many changes, in which so many new forces have come into being, during which his country has been so entirely reorganized — its very constitution and forms of existence altered — he has lived and labored with never-failing energy, with an aim entirely undiverted by the great events going on around him, in his own particular sphere. The successes he has attained in that sphere, and the influence he has had upon contemporary art in Italy, may be matters somewhat difficult to make clear to the general reader; for Signor Duprè's great works are all, or almost all, in his own country, and it is there that his influence has told most. But the autobiography of a lively, sincere, and vigorous mind, full of interest in life, and warmly devoted to an object worthy of the highest exertion, possesses claims upon human attention which are more irresistible even than art. The book before us, in which his experiences are set forth, in a translation not only wonderfully true and accurate, but which has preserved much of the native ease and spirit of the original, is one in which the reader, even if indifferent to art, will find interest and pleasure. Signor Duprè, though his name sounds rather French than Italian, is a typical Tuscan, with all the homely humor, the quips and jests that have made the Florentine workshops merry from the time of Giotto. He belongs, as near as is possible in the much altered conditions of this time, to the same class and the same atmosphere as those in which the old, stout-hearted workmen of the arts developed into greatness without knowing it, without alteration either of their habits or surroundings. Rising, as if he had been born in the fifteenth instead of the nineteenth century, out of the *bottega* of the wood carver into the sculptor's studio, there is no dandyism of art about him, no struggle to rise in the world, no aim except the honest and noble one of doing his best and highest at all times, and growing in knowledge of the principles as well as the methods of execution by which his art should most fitly be pursued. To rise in the world is a fine thing — it is the chief object, even of genius, in these days; but there can be little doubt that it is far more interesting

and amusing to read about the primitive artist who has no ambition that way, whose mind is too much absorbed in the success of his statue to think whether or not he is sufficiently taken notice of in society, or asked to dinner by the right people. The Florence in which Signor Duprè writes might be the Florence of those grandest days when Giotto and his workmen were not ashamed of the shop, or when Botticelli hung up a bag to put his earnings in, from which all the comrades were free to take a handful of coins as they wanted them. There is even, indeed, something in this modern artist, though unlike in every moral quality, which reminds us now and then of that old swashbuckler, that quite respectable, bragging, lying, swaggering dare-devil of a Benvenuto, whose delicate genius and amusing blackguardism have been the admiration of the world for a couple of centuries. Different in every moral attribute, a devoted husband, a fond father, a blameless citizen, the Florentine sculptor of the present day has yet a whimsical resemblance to him of old. They are of the same *naïf*, robust, and pertinacious race, with the same fervor of personal life, the same impulses and excitements. It is true that where Benvenuto had always his dagger handy, and spared nobody that came in his way, our good Sor Giovanni has nothing worse to tell us of himself than a passing box on the ear bestowed upon an impudent varlet in a crowd. In a literary point of view, however, we can say nothing better for the irreproachable autobiographer of modern times than that his narrative is almost as interesting and amusing as his unscrupulous predecessor's wild story, and breathes of the same atmosphere, though the lawlessness and license are gone.

Giovanni Duprè was born in Sienna in 1817, the son of a poor carver in wood, neither clever nor successful. Life had fallen to a very low level in those days after the Napoleonic passion had subsided, and Italy, fallen back into the old bonds, was weary with exhaustion and hopelessness; but yet there was this advantage of the grand dukes, that they were good in a way for art. Duprè the elder had bits of work to do in various shops, now at Florence, now at Sienna, to which latter place both he and his wife belonged; but he earned very little, and the family was very poor, especially when want of comfort produced quarrels and partial separation. The mother lived in Florence with her children, the father



went where he could get work, taking with him poor little Giovanni, the eldest boy, who felt to the bottom of his heart his separation from his mother, but did his best to make life bearable by childish ventures in art, improving upon the colored red and green stucco parrots sold in the streets, and trying to copy figures out of prints, working late and early, "my little head on fire" with the vague fermentings of creative power. His little troubles at this period are told with wonderful feeling. One of the masters to whose shop he was sent struck him when he spoiled his work, telling him that he would always be an ass, even when he had a beard on his chin. Another, still more cruel, took out of his hand an eaglet with thunderbolts in its claws, which the little fellow had been set to model, and "dashed it to the ground, breaking it to atoms in spite of the thunderbolts. Viewed from this long distance of time, this scene has a somewhat comic character," he says, "and must seem especially so to one who hears it described. But for me, a poor little boy, anxious to learn and get on, so as to lighten as far as possible the burden on my father—who, poor man, earned little, and of that little was obliged to send a portion to his family in Florence—it was quite another thing; and though I felt within myself that I was not a complete donkey, still to see my work thrown thus brutally on the ground was so painful to me that it took away all my little strength."

The poor child was badly cared for, badly fed—had to get up in the early mornings and go with his father to the shop, while sitting up at night to copy and carve after his own quick-coming fancies, until he dropped to sleep over his pencil. On one occasion the longing that he had to see his mother grew so strong, and the repeated disappointments of this hope so bitter, that he could bear it no longer. He had been told that he should be taken to see her at Easter; but, on the eve of Easter, he discovered that his father had no intention of going. They were then at Siena, and the rest of the family in Florence.

Now, however, my patience gave way before my loving desire to see my mother; and without saying a word, I rose early and ran away from the house. Passing out of the Porta Camollia, I set off on my walk with only a bit of bread in my pocket, in the boyish hope of reaching my destination the same day, and so passing my Easter with my mother, without reflecting that, by so doing, I should pass it

neither with my father nor my mother. I was about nine years old, and walked on with courage beyond my strength. So great was my desire to get to Florence, that I passed Staggia and Poggibonsi without feeling tired; but near Barberino—which is about twenty miles from Siena, and half-way to Florence—my mind misgave me that I should not be able to arrive in Florence that evening; and then my strength abandoned me, and I was so overcome with fatigue that I could not get up from a little wall on which I had seated myself to rest. I had not a penny. No carts or carriages were passing that way. It was Easter, and every one was at home resting for his holiday; and I, there I was alone in the middle of the road, oppressed with weariness and remorse for having left my father in such anxiety. At times I hoped that he might come after me with a carriage to take me up, and I quite resigned myself to a sound beating; but even this hope was vain, and I had to continue my walk. How many sad thoughts passed one after another through my little tired head! What will my mother, who is expecting us, do or say? What will my *babbo* think, left alone, and not knowing where I am? He will be certainly looking for me, and asking after me from every one in Siena. What will become of me in the middle of the road if night overtakes me? This thought gave strength and energy to my will, and on I went. I don't think that I was frightened. At length my strength was exhausted; the sun began to set; I was seven or eight miles from San Casciano, and I could not be certain of arriving even there to pass the night. I stopped at a wretched little house to rest, and asked for a glass of water. A man, a woman, and several children were eating. They asked me where I came from, and I told them. With expressions of compassion, especially from the woman, they gathered round me, gave me some bread, a hard-boiled egg, and a little wine, and I thanked them with emotion. They wanted me to stay with them until the next day—and tired out as I was, I should have stayed and accepted their kindly offer; but at this moment a *vettura* for Florence passed by, and with my eyes full of tears I told them how infinitely grateful I should be if I could be allowed to fasten myself in any way on to the carriage. The driver, who had stopped to get a glass of wine, seeing the state I was in, and hearing my story from these good country people, took me up on the box by his side, and carried me to Florence, where we arrived in less than three-quarters of an hour, an hour after nightfall. As my mother and the other children lived in Via Toscanelli, when we were near the Sdrucchiolo de' Pitti the good driver set me down there. I descended from the box and ran,—no, I could not run, for my feet were swollen, and my sides numb, but my heart was glad, exultant, and throbbing. I knocked; my mother came to the window and saw me, but she did not recognize me until I spoke, and then she gave a scream and came down.

*Babbo* (a word which corresponds to daddy) pursuing, arrived next day with threats of a whipping; but the mother interposed, and poor little Nanni was let off on humbly begging pardon. He was left with the mother he loved and sent to a shop in Florence to learn his trade, where the eager little soul, devoted to his work, and always experimenting, drawing and carving little heads, never idle, pleased everybody. There was no luxury to be found in the crowded little house inhabited by this poor family, where penury and labor reigned. The poor mother was blind, or almost blind, incapable of needle-work, and gained a scanty living by buying and selling old clothes. The eldest of the children, a pretty young girl, died the same year — the younger brother had to learn his trade in a charity school; but in spite of all these difficulties "I was light-hearted," says the story-teller. There were plenty of casts to draw from, and good-nature and kindness about him. He had a little library of seven or eight books which he kept in a box, thinking "that all books were good — good because they were printed — and not only good at home, but good everywhere else; and so I used to take my books to read in church during the Mass." One Sunday his master saw him devoutly poring over the "History of the Pazzi Conspiracy," while the sacred office was going on in Sant' Jacopo, and gave him to understand that this was not an appropriate study for the place and moment. Thus the little fellow went on making discoveries both in life and art.

Time passed, however, and the boy became a young man. He grew into great favor with his master and advancement in his work, so that he was put at the head of the younger workmen in the shop, and all the principal portions of the work were committed to his hands. Then came the period of temptation and wavering. He began to be less interested in what he did, less contented at home, more disposed to pleasure than to work. How he was delivered from the dangers of this perilous moment by the efficacy of a pure and worthy love, he tells with simple grace and genuine feeling. "Now," he says, "that I must begin to speak of her who saved me, and loved me, and whom I loved and esteemed always because she was so rich in all true virtues, I feel my hand tremble, and the fulness of my love confuses my ideas." One day after he had begun to frequent public-houses and billiard-rooms, to be discontented at home

and idle abroad, he suddenly saw a little figure passing with quick steps by his shop. It was only a momentary vision, but it would not leave his mind; "that upright, modest little figure, those quick little footsteps," the air and manner of a young creature occupied and impervious to all foolish impressions, going about her honest business, had charmed him in spite of himself. As he sat at his work he glanced up from time to time in the hope of seeing her pass once more, but in vain. At last — it was again an Easter morning — he saw her once more: —

I was at Mass in the Church of the Santi Apostoli near by. Suddenly lifting my eyes, I saw facing me the dear young girl on her knees. Her face was in shadow, as it was bent down, and the church was rather dark, but the features and general expression were chaste and sweet. I stayed there enchanted. That figure in her modest dress and humble attitude, so still, so serene, enraptured me. When Mass was finished, the people began to go away, but she still remained on her knees. At last she rose and went out, and I followed her from afar. She stopped at a house on the door of which I saw the sign of "laundress." I could not believe that such a modest, serious young girl could be so employed; for, as a general thing, laundresses are rather frisky and provocative, turning their heads and glancing about, and sometimes very slovenly in their dress — in fact, the opposite of all that dear good creature was. From the first moment that I saw her, I felt for her a respectful admiration, a tranquil, serene, brotherly affection and trust. I was seized with an irresistible desire to love her, to possess her, and to have my love returned. Often, without her knowing it, I followed her at a distance, to assure myself of her bearing and her ways, and always observed in her a chaste, serious, and modest nature. At last I attempted to follow her nearer; and when she became aware of it, she hastened her steps and crossed to the other side of the street. I was disconcerted, but at the same time felt contented. One day, however, I decided at any cost to speak to her, and to open my heart to her; and as I knew the hour when she was in the habit of passing by the Piazza di San Biagio, where I was at work, I held myself in readiness, and as soon as I saw her, went out and followed her, that I might draw this thorn out of my heart. Yes, I somehow thought she would not take my offer amiss. She crossed the Loggia del Mercato and took the Via di Baccano and Condotta, and turned into the Piazzetta de' Giuochi, and I always followed her nearer and nearer. At last she became aware of this, stopped suddenly, turned, and without looking me in the face, said, "I want no one to follow me."

I stammered a few words, but with so much emotion in my voice, that she again stopped,

looked at me a moment, and said, "Go home to your mother, and do not stop me again in the streets."

I gave her a grateful look, and we parted. I returned to the shop with my heart overflowing with love and hope.

Here we must pause to ask, with much deference to the superior knowledge of the translator, whether she has not a little failed in perceiving the full meaning of the young woman's sensible and modest speech? *Vada a casa dalla mamma*, of course may mean, "Go home to your mother;" but this would be a little pert on the part of Marina, and there would be no reason in it for the "grateful look" of her young lover, and the overflowing of love and hope in his heart. What she meant to say evidently was, "Go to our house to my mother. Speak to my mother,"—the proper and decorous way of bringing his suit—which she did not disdain—under her notice. That this was how he understood it seems plain.

From that day a great change took place in me: companions, rioting, and billiards disappeared as by enchantment from my life. That same evening I went to the laundry. I saw the mistress of it, and with an excuse of having some work to give her, I spoke to her casually, and in a general way, of the young girl (whose name I did not know); but she being very sharp, smiled and said,—

"Ah yes; Marina—certainly—I understand. But take care and mind what I say; Marina is such a well-conducted girl that she will not give heed to you."

"But I did not say that I wanted to make love to her."

"I know; but I understood it, and I repeat that she will not listen to you,—and if you want to do well, you will never come here again. Here there is work and not love-making to be done. But if you like, you might go to her house and speak with her mother. Perhaps then—who knows? But I should say that nothing would come of it, and it would be better so. You are too young, and so is she. Now you understand. So go away, and good bye."

"Thank you, I understand; but where is Marina's house?"

The young man was only eighteen; but youth is precocious in Italy, and he was already a good workman, with no apparent prospect of being anything more, which is the condition of all others, except perhaps that of a man of hereditary fortune, which makes early marriage appropriate. Still it is not wonderful that his own mother wept and opposed the idea, and that the girl's mother would not consent until she had consulted with his family. All, however, yields, in real life

as well as in fiction, to real and honest love. For a little while he was allowed to go to the house, and sit with them, talking of his hopes and of his work, while Sora Regina span, and the young Marina plaited straw, looking up sometimes with astonished eyes when the youth expressed, in words which she could but half understand, the confused, audacious hope that was in him of some time or other being able to work at the human figure, even perhaps in marble! After a little of this intercourse, however, the two mothers began to fear that things might go too fast, and young Nanni was requested to forego his visits—to be content with the girl's promise to wait for him, but not to compromise her by "sitting about on my chairs," as the mother says. "If it is a rose it will blossom," she added, by way of consolation. This, however, was a dreadful blow for the young man; and he describes the conflict of his feelings, his inclination sometimes to throw away his good resolutions, to take his pleasure like the rest, and forget the little Puritan who had won him back to the ways of self-denial and virtue for love of her. If, however, he dropped back a little into foolish ways, his backsliding was brief; and by great good fortune he met his little love and her mother in the street immediately after a boyish scuffle, which his hot temper had betrayed him into, and with bewildering delight and astonishment found himself suddenly and most opportunely taken back into their good graces. After this he felt there was no longer time for any trifling, and that to marry Marina was the way of salvation. His hot young logic, his passion and eagerness, ended by convincing the mother, and all was settled for the marriage. Here is a pretty little scene out of the austere love-making which was all that was permitted, in which we have a charming glimpse of the reticent Italian girl, full of all those delicacies of reserve which the Latin races think essential for their young women:—

My eagerness to see her every evening, my exactness in carrying her all my savings, and the respect which I showed her by my words and acts, made me dearer to her eyes than I ever was before. One evening we were standing at the window of our little parlor, which overlooked a garden which was not ours. On its ledge were some pots of flowers reaching out over the windows, and among the flowers was a plant of verbenia, which she liked above all things. I talked to her of my studies, of my hopes, of the happiness I felt in being near her; and all the time I was so close to her that our two breathings were mingled together.

She was silent, her face and eyes lifted to the starry heavens. The perfume of the flowers, the silence of the evening, and her sweet and chaste ecstasy so touched me, that, impelled by an irresistible force, I reached my lips towards hers. My movement was instantaneous, but I failed to carry out my purpose; she turned away her face, and my lips only brushed against a lock of her hair, and then she immediately moved away and seated herself beside her mother. After forty years this comes back to me as if it had just happened. . . . When she perceived that I was serious and a little mortified, she said with calm benignity,—

"Do you like verberna?"

"Oh yes; I like it so much."

Then quickly rising, she cut off a sprig, put it in the button hole of my coat, and said,—

"There, that looks well!"

The marriage took place shortly after, in the year 1836, when the young bridegroom was but nineteen. "This," he says, "was in truth the great event of my life, and that which exercised the most salutary influence over my studies, over my peace, and over the prosperity and morality of my family." He never altered this opinion; and throughout all the long after course of his life there are a series of charming glimpses of the excellent wife, the good mother, the wise and sympathetic companion, whose lowly origin made her a no less fit mate for the laborious artist. (We are a little at a loss to know why the translator should give her the name of Marina, when, except in the brief conversation quoted with the laundress, who uses the diminutive, she is called Maria by her husband; but this is a trifling matter.) As soon as the tremors and agitation of the love episode were calmed by marriage, the young artist returned to the ambitious, nay, audacious, hopes which had already risen confusedly in his mind,—*to be a sculptor*. It was "the dream of my life," he says; but as yet, this dream had gone no "further than merely to be a workman in marble." His mother listened, half sympathizing; his father frowned and objected; his young wife "would look at me sadly, and, quietly smiling, would say, 'We are very well off as we are;'" but the fire of ambition in the youth's heart was not to be thus easily quenched. Without slackening in the work by which he made four pauls (two francs) a day, and many pretty things in wood-carving, he began to employ his evenings and every moment of leisure in study. Marina carried on her own occupation, thus aiding in the expenses of the little establishment, while her young husband spent his dinner hour

in modelling, and his evenings with his pencil.

It was indeed a life full of agitations, anxieties, fears, and privations, but animated with what joyous hopes! Every evening when I came back from my work, I devoted myself at home to making anatomical drawings from casts, while my wife did her ironing in the same room; and I drew till the hour of supper came. It was a pure sweet pleasure to me to see that strong and lively creature coming and going with her flatirons from the fireplace to the table, and gaily ironing and singing as she smoothed and beat with the flatiron on the linen, while her mother sat silently spinning in the corner. Truly that blessed woman was right when she said, "We are so happy as we are"—for one of the purest joys that cheers my present life is the memory of those days. No joy is purer than that which comes from the memory of that past time of work, of study, and of domestic peace. Those days of narrow means and agitations now shine upon me with a serene and lovely light; and I bless the Lord, who softens by His grace the bitterness of poverty and the harshness of fatigue, and so preserves this sweetness of remembrance in the heart, that neither time nor fortune has the power to extinguish it, or even to diminish it.

Experiences of this kind have another advantage beyond the higher one which the good Duprè acknowledges so gratefully. Such a pretty scene, lighted by the three-beaked *lucerna* of native use, high up in one of the many stories of a tall Florentine house, is infinitely more charming and touching to hear of than the flat evenings that so often follow the honeymoon for Edwin and Angelina in another sphere, in which there are no privations nor hard work to encounter, where the young husband starts off to his club, half ashamed of himself, now that there is no more uncertainty of love-making to occupy him, and the young wife goes dully to bed with nothing to do. Marina's bright face, as she puts down her flatiron with a little thump, keeping time to her song, is much more interesting and pleasing to behold. This is perhaps a compensation for hard work which the worker rarely thinks of, and which indeed only comes in, in rare cases, when one of the pair has the faculty of speech.

We must not, however, allow ourselves to be seduced any further by Signor Duprè's delightful domestic interiors. The honest and kind Italian is not disconcerted, it will be perceived, even by that silent figure of the mother-in-law spinning in the corner, which is the bugbear of all the wits, any more than he was afraid of

the little band of daughters who after a while filled his house. His progress in art was rapid. His first work done in these hours of recreation, was a little statuette which gained him a word of praise from Bartolini, then the great name in sculpture, the leader of the rising school of realists, who had begun to rebel against the excessive dominion of the classical ideal. All this gradually worked in the mind of the young workman an impatience with his trade, not, he is careful to tell us, because he thought wood a less worthy material than marble — “for the excellence of a work depends upon the skill and knowledge of the artist, and not upon the material he has used” — but “because it was my business at the shop to make all sorts of little things, such as candlesticks, cornices, masks, etc.” When by rare good fortune he was employed to make a crucifix, he threw his whole heart into it, — worthy work was what he wanted. His preparations for his future art life, made in so much humility and ignorance, and as yet only with the hope of achieving the modest position of assistant in a studio, were checkered with discouragements as well as success. Here is one which he recounts with natural satisfaction : —

One day, in the studio of Magi, I and another young man were modelling together a man's *torso* which had been cast from nature. A friend of Magi, a painter, as he passed by us paused, and after looking at our two copies, said, turning to my rival and patting him gently on the shoulder, “I am delighted: this is an artist!” Then turning to me with an expression of regret, he said, “*A rivederla.*” My good reader, do you think that made me despair? No, by the Lord! I tell you rather that these words were seared upon my brain as with a red-hot iron, and there they still remain — and they did me a great deal of good. The Professor who spoke them (yes, he was a Professor), three years afterwards embraced me in the Accademia delle Belle Arti before my “Abel.” My rival? My rival is perfectly sound in health, and is fatter and more vigorous than I am, but he is not a sculptor. So, my dear young artist, courage!

We must quote the passage which follows, not only because it is in itself admirable, and well worthy of the study of the young artist whom he addresses, but also as an excellent specimen of the “thoughts on art” with which Signor Duprè accompanies his personal records:

But be careful to consider well what your vocation really is, and do not allow yourself to be deluded by false appearances. It is abso-

lutely necessary that your calling should be imperious, tenacious, persistent; that it should enter into all your thoughts; that it should give its form and pressure to all your feelings; that it should not abandon you even in your sleep; and that it should drive from your memory your hour of dinner, your appointments, your ease, your pleasures. If, when you take a walk in the country, the hills and groves do not awaken in you in the least the idea that it would be pleasant to own them; but instead of this, if you feel enamored by the beautiful harmony of nature, with its varied outlines, and swelling bosoms, and slopes sadly illuminated by the setting sun, and all seems to you an exquisite picture — then hope. If at the theatre you see a drama represented, and you feel impelled to judge within yourself whether this or that character is well played — whether the gestures, the expression of face, and the inflections of voice are such as properly belong to the character, and accord with the affections that move him, or the passions that agitate him — then hope. If, while you are walking along, you see the face of a beautiful woman, and if it does not immediately awaken in you the idea of a statue with its name and expression, but, on the contrary, you idly or improperly admire it — then fear. . . . And if you do not feel your faculties debilitated by the long and thorny path of study, but, on the contrary, tempered and strengthened every day by constant and patient labor, then hope — hope — hope. Otherwise, if you have property, attend to the management of it. If you are poor, learn some trade. It is better to be a good carpenter than a bad artist.

The record that follows is one of a persistent struggle — a struggle in which the high-spirited young man was often discouraged and cast down, but always got up again and struggled on, gaining a little way after every downfall. He had to fight his way through all the early mysteries of an artist's training, almost at hazard, finding out a hundred things laboriously by himself, which are the earliest elements of academical training. He had no art education whatever except that of the carver's workshop, and of those interminable studies on paper and in clay, which he pursued to the sacrifice of every moment of leisure, at the time when he should have been eating or resting, and in the evenings, while his wife ironed her fine linen. The authorities frowned, or, when a smile was extorted from them, smiled but coldly upon the indomitable young fellow, who was of no school, who called no man master, and who struggled along by the light of simple genius, and that inborn perception which all the academies in the world cannot give. In no branch of art is it so difficult to struggle against the conventional, the accepted laws of



tradition, as in the art of sculpture. It says something in favor of the popular prejudice against the testimony of experts, that had young Duprè been produced before a tribunal of art professors and *cognoscenti* in Florence, it would certainly have been proved against him that he knew little or nothing about art. "The imitation, the character, and the form of this statue show that you are not of the Academy," said the most favorable critic. When, by incredible exertions, he had managed to complete and exhibit his first statue, the "Abel," the art world of Florence was rent in two by a bitter controversy as to whether this work was not a mere cast from the life, and not a work of art at all. "This scandalous talk, which was as absurd as malign, originated among the artists, and especially among the sculptors," who went so far as to measure the model in an attempt to prove their theory. It was a moment when the work of the self-taught artist answered the purpose of both parties in one of those struggles which diversify the history of art. After a long reign of the classic conventional, the sculptor Bartolini had upset the gods, and established, with all the fervor and some of the violence and extravagance of a revolution, the one goddess, nature, in their stead. His description of this movement, and of its effect upon contemporary art, is one of the best things in Signor Duprè's book. Bartolini had been quite recently appointed to the professorship of sculpture in the Florentine Academy, and had "taken possession of the school with the air of a conqueror." His appointment to the post was in itself a proof of the triumph of the principles by which he had made his reputation, and he began at once to overturn all the landmarks established by his predecessor.

He altered everything, theories and systems. . . . He prohibited all study from statues, and restricted the whole system of teaching to an imitation only of nature; and he pushed this principle so far, that he introduced a hunchback into the school and made the young students copy him. This daring novelty raised a shout of indignation: they cried out against the profanation of the school, of the sacred principles of the beautiful, etc.; said that he was ignorant of his duties as master, and that he misled the youths, extinguishing in them the love of the beautiful by the study of deformity. . . . Bartolini was right in carrying back art to its first source—that is (and we should thank him for that), to the imitation of nature—he went beyond bounds in proposing a deformed person as a model. It is very true that Bartolini never affirmed, as his enemies

assert, that a hunchback was beautiful. He said that it was as difficult to copy a hunchback well as a well-formed person, and that a youth ought to copy as faithfully the one as the other; and when the eye had been educated to discover the most minute differences in the infinite variety of nature, and the hand able to portray them, then, but only then, was the time to speak, and select from nature the most perfect, which others called the *bello ideale*, and he the *bello naturale*. But that blessed hunchback still remains, who, in the strict sense of the word, is not the real truth; for in what is deformed there is something deficient, which removes it from the truth, however natural it may be. It is a defect in nature, and therefore not true to nature. . . .

But nevertheless, this Bartolinian reform was of great advantage. Let us remember how sculpture was then studied. The teaching of Ricci was only a long and tedious exercise of copying wholesale the antique statues, good and bad; and what was worse, the criterion of Greek art was carried into the study of nude life—the characteristic forms of the antique statues supplanting those of the living model. The outlines were added to and cut away with a calm superiority which was even comical. The abdominal muscles were widened, the base of the pelvis narrowed, in order to give strength and elegance to the figure. The model was never copied; the head was kept smaller, and the neck fuller, so that, although the general effect was more slender and more robust, the character was falsified, and was always the same and always conventional. This restriction of nature to a single type led directly to conventionality; and once this direction was taken, and this habit of working from memory, following always a pre-established type, the artist gradually disregarded the beautiful variety of nature, and not only did not notice it, but held it in suspicion, believing that nature is always defective, and that it is absolutely necessary to correct it; and in this, they said, lies the secret of Art. And yet Bartolini cried aloud, and, so to speak, strained his voice to make himself understood, and stood up on a table and beat his drum for the hunchback. But as soon as a sufficient number of people is collected to make a respectable audience, one must lay aside the great drum and begin to speak seriously. And this is just what the *maestro* did: he gave up the hunchback, inculcated the imitation of beautiful nature in all its varieties of sex, age, and temperament. But in the ears of the greater number of persons the beat of the great drum still sounded, and the words of Bartolini were not understood. From that time to this there have been no more statues of Apollo, Jove, and Minerva. Chased from this earth, they returned to their place on Olympus—and there they still remain.

Still the seed of deformity had been sown, and struck strong roots. There are some men who grub in filth and dirt with pure delight, and have for the ugly and evil a special pre-



dilection, because, as they say, these are as true representatives of nature as what is beautiful and good, and are in fact a particular phase of that truth which, as a whole, constitutes the truly beautiful. And reasoning thus, this school, or rather this coterie, has given us, and still gives us, the most strange and repulsive productions, . . . a servile copy of such offensively ugly models as Mother Nature produces when she is not well. What would you say, dear reader, if you were ever to see a hideous little baby crying with his ugly mouth wide open, because his bowl of pap has fallen out of his hand? or an infamous and bestial man, with the gesticulations expressive of the lowest and most vicious desires? . . . For myself, I am not a fanatic for ancient Art: on the contrary, I detest the academic and conventional; but I confess that, rather than these horrors, I should prefer to welcome Cupid, and Venus, and Minerva, and the Graces, and in a word all Olympus.

We in this country have never got so far as Professor Bartolini carried his students. We have never got rid of Apollo and Minerva; but we too have suffered from his hunchback. Who has not seen some hideous replica of the "Dirty Boy," that famous group which has proved more popular than any heroic marble? Between such vulgar caterings to the lowest tastes, and those dreadful pieces of task-work in the shape of busts, the smirks and whiskers of the male, the simpers and lace collars of the female subjects, which line all our exhibitions, the art of rendering what is least beautiful in nature is thoroughly well understood among us. It has been proved in recent days that London may ring with an art controversy as hot as Florence ever saw: but abstract principles of art are not likely, perhaps, to be very warmly discussed among us. Duprè's first work, the "Abel," carried out the nobler principle of this return to nature, and, as such, was taken up by the new school with enthusiasm, as a statue "made by a youth who knew nothing of Phidias or Alcamenes, nor of the others, who had not breathed the stifling air of the Academy, but had trusted himself to beautiful nature, and copied her with fidelity and love." On the other hand, the opposition party seized upon Signor Duprè's model, and stripped and measured him in the endeavor to make out that this famous return to nature was a cast from the life. They failed, however, signally in this effort, and awoke the indignation of the authorities, whose critical judgment was thus by a side wind set at naught.

"Abel" hung for some time on the

artist's hands, his enemies maintaining, though disproved, this injurious assertion about the cast, and a chill of doubt as to whether he would be able to produce another statue subduing even his friends. He had, however, many encouragements as well as drawbacks, a certain Count del Benino volunteering an advance of money to go on with, and other easements and help of various kinds falling in his way, for his honest devotion to his art, and simplicity of endeavor to "frame, he knew not what excelling thing," had won him many friends. His wife, perhaps not able to rise to the fervor of this hope, looked on with doubting, though always tender eyes, while the fate of her little household was thus held in suspense. "Without saying it, she made me understand that she would greatly have preferred my continuing as a wood-carver, without troubling myself about an art which hitherto had given me only disappointment and worry. With her eyes she seemed to say to me, 'Don't bother yourself, Nanni, about it.'" However, in a happy hour the grand duchess Maria of Russia, with her husband the prince of Leuchtenberg, came to Florence. They heard the controversy with interest, as perhaps some barbarous princess might have heard a controversy of a somewhat similar kind, which not long ago set English society by the ears; and seeing, on a visit to the young artist's studio, not only the "Abel" but the first *bozzo* of the "Cain," which he had set to work upon in a half frenzy of indignation and ambition, immediately bought the completed statue, and gave the happy young sculptor a commission for the other. "The grand duchess, pressing my hand, said, 'The Abel and the Cain are mine.'"

This great success and triumphant vindication of his powers—for the "Cain" when completed was as successful as the "Abel," and there were no longer any disparaging doubts about his power of modelling a standing or any other figure—did, our good Sor Giovanni confesses, a little turn his head. He received a commission shortly after for the "Giotto" which stands under the colonnade of the Uffizi, and seemed to have entered the way of triumph. He was still young enough, though the father of a family, to be excused a little foolish elation, and delight in his own surpassing powers. Here is a little penitential picture of what happened on the occasion of a visit made to Rome in 1844, in order to make studies for a statue of Pope Pius II.:—

I must confess, whatever it costs me, that the Eternal City did not make the most favorable impression upon me; and except the ruins of ancient Rome, the Colosseum, the Pantheon, the Forum, with its triumphal arches and colonnades, all the rest excited in me no enthusiasm. But I must admit I had been spoiled by too much praise; and I was so vain, that while I accepted everything with apparent modesty, I was so puffed up internally with pride that at times it would show itself in spite of me. I remember once at the house of the Signora Clementina Carnevali, where every evening were to be seen all the most distinguished persons in Rome, either in letters or art, strangers as well as Italians, — I remember, I say, to have replied in a most impertinent manner to some one who asked me how I liked the monuments and the art of Rome, and what above all had most pleased me. I replied — and I blush to repeat it — “What I like best is the stewed broccoli,” — a reply as outrageously stupid as insolent, and I wonder that those who heard it could have taken it in good part. For myself, as I feel to-day, if a young artist had replied to me in such a manner, he would have got little good out of it — and so much the better for him!

But I had better luck; my foolish reply was repeated by every one, and so clouded by vanity and pride were my eyes, that I fancied it excited mirth and approbation, while it really deserved only compassion.

O Minardi! O Tenerani! O Massimo d'Azeglio! you who were present, but now dead, cannot see the *amende* which I make. However, you knew me later, and were aware of my repentance.

Every one who can remember a similar outburst of youthful folly, which still dyes even elderly cheeks to think of, will sympathize with Sor Giovanni in his shame and penitence.

After the triumph, however, came a chill. His “Giotto” had been censured as being “too naturalistic,” and this, as the real Giotto was not an ideal of human beauty, troubled and disturbed the young artist, who felt that truth — or at least fact — and the *bello ideale* did not always correspond, and who began to ask himself whether, after all, the classic conventional were not the safest way. For a moment it seemed as if he were about to fall between two stools, unable to accept the traditions of the classicists on one hand, and revolted by the license of the *naturalisti*, to whom “the first ruffian or harlot of the streets” was good enough for a type of humanity, on the other. The signs of this wavering and doubtful state are to be seen, he tells us, in the works executed at this time, “in which are reflected my want of faith, uncertainty, and weakness of mind during these three years

of artistic irresolution.” He was disturbed at the same time in his tranquil home, which had always been a fountain of peace and consolation. He had with admirable feeling insisted that his wife should give up her trade as he prospered in his; but their means were scarcely sufficient as yet to permit the loss of one source of income, and the good Maria was troubled and unhappy. Then the other members of the Duprè family, — the brother, who had ambitions too, but no power to back them, as is so often the case among the insignificant members of a family which has had the luck to produce one person of genius, the father, who was always a discouraging and feeble personage, sowed embarrassments in the path of the young artist. And the men of the schools, even Bartolini, to whose theories Duprè had brought an unexpected support, looked jealously with no real understanding or approval upon the young man who was without the hall-mark of a regular training, and had made his way by the force of natural genius alone. Those who are conscious of having spent a great deal of time and trouble in education, are apt to regard with a doubtful eye him who pushes past them on the road to fame without any training at all. And perhaps the self-made man is never free from a doubt whether he might not have done better had he adopted, though without full acquaintance with the meanings and motives of them, the ways of the schools. The good sense and natural judgment, however, of the young Florentine, eventually brought him out safely into the right path; but he is very eager to warn young artists of the dangers of premature applause, and of attaching too much importance to early successes.

The young artist should take heed of all the praise that he receives. He should hold it in suspicion, and weigh it, and make a large deduction. Eulogy is like a perfume, grateful to the sense; but it is better to inhale it but little, little, little, because it goes to the head, lulls us to sleep, and sometimes intoxicates us and bewilders us so that we lose our compass. One must be prudent. Flowers of too strong an odor must be kept outside the room. Air is necessary — air. I hope that these words will fall into the ear of some to whom they may do good — I mean, of those who not only sniff up praise with eagerness, but are discontented because they do not think it sufficient, and who re-read it and talk of it with others so as to prolong their pleasure, and preserve all the papers and writings which speak of them, without perceiving that this is all vanity and pettiness of heart.

For the rest, it is very easy to see how one may vacillate, and even fall; and on this account I deem it my duty, for the love that I bear to young men, to put them on their guard against the blandishments of praise. Imagine, dear reader, an inexperienced youth of spirit and lively fancy, who in his first essays in art finds it said and written of him that he has surpassed all others, has begun where others ended, that he is born perhaps to outdo the Greeks with his chisel, that Michael Angelo must descend from the pedestal he has occupied for centuries, and other similar stuff, . . . and you will have the secret of his vacillations, even if with God's help he is not led utterly astray.

We may quote, however, to show that even his moment of triumph was not without alloy, the following anecdote of his early career. While Duprè was still in the workshop of his master the wood-carver, he had executed a crucifix in wood, which the well-known banker Fenzi had ordered as a marriage present for his son. On the occasion of a *conversazione* at Fenzi's house, when Bartolini was holding forth upon the degeneracy of the existing age, its mistaken ideal, etc., and vaunting the superiority of mediæval artists, Fenzi, *malizioso*, produced the crucifix and exhibited it to the eloquent professor.

After examining it, he said: "The proof that our artists of old were as able as they were modest can be seen in this work. The artist who made it, and who probably was only an *intagliatore*, would have been able to make a statue such as perhaps no one to-day could."

At this Fenzi replied, with a smile, "Excuse me, but you are in error. This is a modern work, and there is the artist who made it," pointing me out, who was just coming in at that moment.

Bartolini laid down the "Christ," spoke not a word more, and did not deign even to look at me, although he had praised the work.

The period at which he had now arrived was as perilous for art, as were the warlike thoughts in his mind for the artist's work; for these were the troubled times of 1848, when Italy was too much excited by warlike preparations, and the sudden hopes of national emancipation, to spare time any longer for those discussions and dilettanteisms in which all the life remaining in its depressed States had found an outlet. Duprè seems never to have taken any part in politics. He was neither Liberal nor *codino*, but an artist with his soul absorbed in his work. Giotto, too, it seems probable, cared very little what way the tide of party ran, and went to his shop in peace, indifferent

whether the Guelph or the Ghibellini were getting the best of it. The only sign our sculptor gives of any relations on the popular side, is a passing note that most of the distinguished artists and amateurs who had once frequented his studio were, after the return of the grand duke, and collapse of the premature revolution, refugees, *fuori-usciti*, as one-half of the notables of Florence continually were in mediæval days. And he had a strong argument in favor of the existing *régime* in the fact that the return of the grand duke meant pecuniary salvation for himself and his family, although not perhaps in the most desirable way. Not even grand dukes can commission new statues forever; and the blessed work which came to save the discouraged artist from idleness and penury, was more in the way of his early trade than of his ambition. The grand duke employed him to make a casket to hold his daughter's jewels. It was to be excuted in ivory, and was intended to be a valuable work of art; but there was no concealing that it was a great coming down for the sculptor of Cain and Abel. He consoled himself as best he could with the recollection that Baccio d'Agnolo had manufactured *cassone*, the old oak chests which once bore decorations so splendid in Florence; and that a little terra cotta of Luca della Robbia was worth more than a hundred thousand wretched statues in marble or bronze. But still the necessity was bitter.

Consider, friendly reader, if you are an artist, and after long study and anxiety have ever obtained the hoped-for compensations and triumphs, the more deserved because so earnestly labored for, that you now see an artist occupied, on a work difficult indeed, but very far from being of that ideal greatness that his hopes and the applause previously given him have led him to anticipate and desire. The smallness of the work, the material, and even the tools for working it, reminded me of the humbleness of my origin. I felt sick at heart, and then flashed into my mind the fear that I might be obliged to return to wood-carving. Not that I despised that art—I have already said the material is of no account; but I wanted to be a sculptor, and meantime I had nothing to do, and my family looked to me for support. This thought gave me strength, drove away the golden dreams of the future, even the memory of the smiling past, and I worked all day long and part of the night. My poor wife, who was always so good and active, attending to the household economy and to the education of our little girls, comforted me with her simple and affectionate words. Sometimes, returning home with the children, she would stop to see me, and would look at and praise

my work, and perhaps, because it reminded her of our early years, would say, —

"Beautiful, this work, is it not, Nanni?"

"Yes; do you like it?"

"Yes."

But in this exchange of loving words there was a certain sadness; and although it did not appear on the surface, yet the ear and eye of him who loves, hears and sees what is hidden below.

Wherever this gentle woman appears the scene brightens, and the husband's words glitter with a tender light. No doubt in her heart there was always a sincere conviction that the beautiful work which was within the reach of her modest capacity was really the best, and that Nanni would have been safer had he held fast by it, and eschewed those big shining ghosts in marble, which no woman could be expected to care for. And in the mean time, though it was a humiliation, the beautiful work saved the family, and led to pecuniary comfort at least, if nothing more. The grand duke proved himself a generous master, giving one commission after another; and when Duprè fell ill, charged himself with the costs of an expedition to Naples, which it was hoped would cure him. He set off with his wife and one of his children by *vettura* in mellow October weather. "That eight days' journey in the sweet company of my wife, the pretty innocent questionings of Bepina about the fields, rivers, and villages, . . . the novelty of the life, the pure country air," softened his sufferings — and indeed one can well imagine such a journey to be sovereign against the malady of fatigue and over-anxiety, which is the modern artist's ill. He was cured at last, after trying all the nostrums possible, by hydropathy, or at least by so much of hydropathy as is involved in the curious process of "packing." Of Naples he gives a most amusing account, the noise and crowd filling him with "a mixture of wonder and anger." Why couldn't those good people do what they had to do without screaming and throwing themselves about? he asks, as if he had been an Englishman. The Englishman, however, would probably think all Italians the same, and would open his mouth and eyes with astonishment to hear a Tuscan complain of the coachman's whip "cracked within five fingers of his ears;" for foreigners are incapable of perceiving the fine shades of difference between one locality and another in a country which is not their own.

As Duprè returned to Florence and his

work convalescent, he lingered in Rome on his way, and thought over all the crude conclusions which he had come to on his former visit. The old vexed question about the ideal and nature had come back to his mind with renewed force, and tormented him till he found a solution. Perhaps, besides the abstract principle, of which it was so important to find some settlement, the question had been again forced upon him in a sharp, practical way by the problem how to represent Saint Antonino, the best archbishop of Florence, whose statue was to be added to those in the Uffizi. The true Saint Antonino was small — hence the diminutive by which he was called — and, it was said by tradition, deformed (the latter, however, unlikely, since the Church was not apt to admit to high dignity any one thus placed at a disadvantage by nature). Was he to be rendered thus in deference to truth, or made into a dignified type of ecclesiastical sanctity in deference to the rules of art? — a question which is extremely difficult, and which we confess ourselves quite unable to solve. Duprè made a little model of what he believed to be the saint's actual appearance, putting as a staff into the hand of the feeble little figure a pen which had been used by the musician Verdi: but in the actual statue he was not so bold. He went about Rome pondering all these things in the leisure of his convalescence, seeing everything more clearly in the light of restored health and courage, but with his mind at first full of hesitation and doubt.

E quale è quei, che disvuol ciò che volle  
E per novi pensier cangia proposta.

The first gleam of light which came to his mind was from the works of Canova, especially the kneeling figure of the Pope Rezzonico in St. Peter's. "The movement and expression of concentrated feeling in this statue, united with a sentiment of imitation so strong, and yet so free from minute and servile detail," made a great impression upon him, especially as he found in the very same monument figures which were entirely servile and mannered, imitated not from nature but from the antique. From this he came to see that while Canova sought in the highest degree the beautiful, he yet allowed himself to be carried away by the noble force of nature, the power of higher life and sentiment, even when not in perfect harmony with academic rule; and thus attained a very much greater effect than if he had confined himself either to the inspiration

of classic art or to that of nature alone: in short, that nature was not to be taken in the mass in all her manifestations, any more than art was to be followed with servile subjection; that a careful selection must be exercised in respect to models from the one, and a large interpretation of examples in the other. After his careful study of all that came under his eyes in Rome, he made a corresponding survey over again, on returning to Florence, of everything of importance in art to be found there. "From this examination I came to the conclusion that the artists of all time studied their predecessors, and only imitated nature after having studiously selected what was favorable to the idea which first rose in their minds. Henceforward, the way was clear."

It helped him a little also in coming to this conclusion, to find that in Rome there was considerably less difference between the living type and that of classic art, than in the models with which he was familiar. As he walked about the streets with his keen artist eye, seeing everything, he found himself nearer to the Apollos and Joves than he had believed possible. One day in particular, his spirit was stirred to wonder and admiration as he strolled along on the other side of Tiber, where dwells the race who are still worthy to represent the old gods. The sketch he gives us is not only very graphic and vivid, but affords an admirable glimpse of the true artist's power of observation, so vigilant, so devoid of self-consciousness, so absorbed in his great pursuit.

One day (it was Sunday towards evening) I was, as usual, dreaming about those busts or necks of Minerva and Polymnia, and the Venus of Milo, and I know not how many other antique statues, which seemed to me to give a solemn contradiction to all my little models of pastry that I had left in Florence, and I fixed my eyes on the neck of every woman that I passed. This examination induced me to modify in measure my opinion as to the conventionalism of the necks of the antique statues; and I should have been satisfied, and have changed my mind entirely, even had I not purely by chance gone on into the Trastevere. Here there was a great number of young persons, both male and female,—the men either in the pot-houses, or gathered around the doors, or standing in groups, and the girls in companies of three and four walking up and down the streets of the Longaretta. Among these I saw one who, if she had been made on purpose to prove that the necks of the antique statues were not conventional, could not have here offered a more absolute proof. There were three girls, two small, and one large who was between them. She walked along with a

slow and majestic step, talking with her companions. A sportsman who spies a hare, a creditor who meets a debtor, a friend who finds another friend whom he thought to be far away or dead, these give a weak notion of my surprise in beholding this girl. My dear reader, I do not in the least exaggerate when I say that I seemed to look on the Venus of Milo. Her head and neck, which alone were exposed to view, were as like that statue as two drops of water. I was astounded. I turned back to look at her again, and it would have been well for me had I contented myself with this; but I wished to see her yet once more. The girl, who had not an idea within a thousand miles of what I was pondering, nor of the corrections that I was formulating on an æsthetic opinion of such great importance, suddenly stopped, and, taking the dagger from her hair, advanced towards me, and with a strong and almost masculine voice said to me, "Well, Mr. Dandy, does your life stink in your nostrils?" I shot off home directly, looking neither to the right nor left; and when I arrived, I told my wife what had happened, and she reproved me gently for making my studies so out of time and place. . . . The discovery of this beautiful head and neck of the antique style and character, set upon a living girl, (and what a complexion!) led me to consider how many other parts of incontestable beauty which we find in the antique statues, and so readily believe to be born of the imagination of the Greek sculptors, are really to be found in nature; and the Greeks only selected them for imitation.

We have traced Duprè to the full maturity of his mind and powers—the educational and maturing processes being always the most interesting to the commentator. But there is still a great deal more to tell did our space permit—many amusing anecdotes and shrewd remarks, as well as the personal history which goes on for a number of prosperous years, and through some overshadowed by those clouds from which scarcely any human life escapes. Into the warmth of domestic love and association, of which he gives us so many delightful pictures, there comes the inevitable chill; and the artist's lament over his young Luiga, Luisina, Gigena, as he calls her in fond diminutives, is as touching as the picture of the united family is admirable. Indeed the light thus thrown upon the simple interior of an unpretending Italian family is one of the most interesting things in the book. We are apt to think that only the Teutonic races appreciate the sanctity of home, for the exquisite reason that the word which expresses it has more meaning to our ears in English and German than in corresponding words in the Latin tongues.



Those who still entertain this opinion should read Signor Duprè's most interesting history. It might, at the same time, afford a chapter to the more prosaic records of "self-help," which are so popular, which would much relieve and lighten those excellent but dull annals of worldly success and prosperity — for Sor Giovanni is essentially a self-made man; and one of his chief objects in writing his memoirs is to show the long and sometimes painful processes, through praise and censure, through success and unsuccess, by which he came finally to an understanding of the open secret of art. Artists of all classes, not only those who model and those who paint, but men of letters, and especially those of the imaginative branches of literature, may study with advantage his discoveries and the manner in which he makes them — discoveries which are at the heart of every fine theory of art. That fact is not truth in an artistic point of view, that genius is not the mere art of imitation, even imitation of reality, still less of precedent; but that true art demands choice and a living inspiration of idea as well as the thorough realization and following out of the actual, — Signor Duprè will have done a good work if he makes this principle apparent, not only to the schools of the sculptors, but to those literary workmen in his own country who take the hunchback of Bartolini as their standard, rather than any Apollo, and consider that devotion of truth means a close and almost servile rendering of those terrible facts of existence which it should be the aim of every good man to make impossible. M. Zola and his loathsome school have so great a predominance at present in the light literature of Italy, that it would be well if Signor Duprè's conclusions were written everywhere before the rising genius of that noble country in letters of gold.

How our sculptor went to England, to Paris, to Vienna, no longer as a struggling artist, but as professor in his turn and universally acknowledged authority — how his lively observation noted everything, but sometimes with amusing mistakes and want of comprehension, as in a certain extraordinary scene at the Crystal Palace, which, however, was explained to him by a young rogue of a cicerone, who probably never expected his play upon the credulous foreigner to get into print — must be read in the book itself. It is an admirable transcript of the mind of an intelligent and clear-headed observer, trained to the use of his eyes, and to the

shrewd employment of his reasoning faculties, without any of that often obscuring influence which much culture gives. Sor Giovanni sees with his own eyes, not with those of other men; and though he has his Dante at his finger-ends as becomes a Tuscan, is not disturbed by much book-learning besides, or given to reliance upon other people's opinions. Oddly enough, the absence of literature almost always gives a freshness to the intelligent spectator for the want of which no elegance of culture can make up.

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From The National Review.

#### THE MEMOIRS OF MADAME DE TOURZEL.\*

FOR fifty years the "Memoirs of Madame de Tourzel" have remained a closed book to the world; and now that at last they are brought to light, they could hardly have appeared at a more favorable moment.

When, last August, the grave closed over the last descendant of the Legitimist line, the principles for which he sacrificed a kingdom, with all the traditions of the old French monarchy, were buried with him.

As they are about to disappear from our sight, these memoirs lift the pall which conceals them; and we gaze for the last time upon the face of royal France. Here we find Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, the royal children, the saintly Princess Elizabeth, living again — as, indeed, they have lived ever since their barbarous death, whether it be on the page of the historian, the lips of the orator, or the glowing canvas of the artist.

Brought near to us by their personal intimacy with the writer, standing out distinctly defined against the dark clouds of the Revolution, which are about to burst in a storm over their heads, we see them once again.

More than this. When each successive crisis of their fate had called forth some new display of heroism, when the immediate peril was over, and a temporary respite was gained from the yells of the blood-thirsty mob, Madame de Tourzel was the sole witness of grief, hitherto masked by the self-restraint which became the royal pride of France, even when tottering to its fall, and of a resignation which it is scarcely overstrained to call sublime. As

\* *Mémoires de Madame la Duchesse de Tourzel, Gouvernante des Enfants de France* (1789, 1790, 1791, 1792, 1795). Publiés par le Duc des Cars. Paris, 1833.

the circle became narrower and narrower round the hapless group of doomed royalty, her apartments became their only refuge, herself the only confidant of their vanishing hopes, and of their too surely grounded fears.

On these occasions would become manifest to her that deep-rooted love for the unhappy rebellious country, even when it appeared most unlovely, seething with wickedness and steeped in violence and crime—a love which, to the end, remained proof against the bitterest insult, the most cruel persecution, which could see all, and know all, and yet forgive. It is, therefore, no wonder if, after the lapse of nearly a century, memoirs which can give the key to unlock the secret chambers of such a confidence, should be able to inspire the deepest interest, and be almost priceless so far as regards their historical value.

Madame de Tourzel was born in 1749. She came of a proud race, one of the *ancien noblesse* of France, being the fourth daughter of Louis Ferdinand Joseph de Croy, Duc de Havré, Prince et Maréchal du St. Empire, Marquis de Vailly, Comte de Fontenoy. He was killed at the battle of Filingshausen, in 1761. The daughter, Louise Elizabeth Félicité, to whom we are indebted for these interesting memoirs, was married in 1764 to Louis François du Bouchet des Sources, first Marquis de Tourzel, Grand Prévôt de France.\*

Louis XV. was still on the throne, and, during the remainder of his reign, the Marquis de Tourzel, so far as was consistent with his official duties, held aloof from Versailles; but on the accession of

Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, he, in common with many other families of the *noblesse*, returned to the court, attracted by the many excellent qualities of the king, and by the acknowledged beauty and grace of the young queen.

It was long since the throne of France had appeared to such advantage before the eyes of the nation. The annals of the two preceding centuries reveal it under a very different aspect. During the fifteenth century we see it subject to the baneful influence of the house of Medici, which, not content with ruining the Valois dynasty, asserted itself a second time, to drag through the mire the white plume of Henry of Navarre.

Throughout the sixteenth century the same story repeats itself, under different names, of long minorities, of the regency of ambitious, intriguing, unscrupulous women; of the evil example of a corrupt court, to be quickly copied by the young kings as they obtained their majority, so as to dim the splendor of the reign of *le Grand Monarque*, and to be afterwards transmitted without splendor to his successor. But now above this dark atmosphere of ambition, intrigue, and vice, there shone the pure light of a young queen, in the first splendor of her beauty, in all the freshness of her innocent youth, inspired by and inspiring the tenderest domestic affection, with the love of God in her heart, and the love of her people in her eyes. In such a presence even the troublesome functions of grand prévôt de France—discharged with austere exactitude by the Marquis de Tourzel, in his hereditary office—must have lost their stiffness, and, certainly, no rigid rule of etiquette hindered the expression of the most tender solicitude on the part of the king and queen, when he met with an accident which proved fatal while in attendance upon the king at Fontainebleau, in the month of November, 1786.

The king stretched a point in immediately appointing the son—though still a minor—to the emoluments of the vacant office; and the young Marquis de Tourzel showed his gratitude by remaining faithful at his post to the last.

After the death of her husband in 1786, Madame de Tourzel retired from the court; nor would she voluntarily have abandoned the seclusion, but circumstances left her no choice. The fair promise of the early part of the reign of Louis XVI. had clouded over, events were marching rapidly forwards to their fatal conclusion, and already one stage of

\* Madame de Tourzel had five children, four daughters (la Duchesse de Charost, la Comtesse Françoise de St. A. degonde, la Comtesse Louise de St. Aldegonde, la Comtesse de Bearn. This last, Pauline, was not married at the time of her mother's appointment to the court. She accompanied her mother to Versailles, and the Tuilleries, and witnessed the horrors of the 10th August, shared the first part of the captivity of the royal family, till she was removed with her mother to the prison of La Force, whence she made a miraculous escape, which is related at full length in the *Memoirs*, vol. ii. 271. She had one son, the second Marquis de Tourzel, who was in the Royal Guard. To his daughter Madame la Duchesse des Cars, the precious manuscript finally descended as an heirloom, after the extinction of the male line. La Duchesse des Cars died in 1870, and thus the manuscript became the property of M. le Duc des Cars, and it is to this descendant of Madame de Tourzel that we are indebted for its publication. The interest of the work is increased by a portrait of Queen Marie Antoinette, a pastel done at her request for Madame de Tourzel, by the painter Kucharzik. The progress of the picture was interrupted by the journey to Varennes, but in 1792 the painter resumed his task, which he was never able to complete. On the 10th of August, hidden behind a door, the picture escaped the fury of the mob, and was recovered three years afterwards by the Marquis de Tourzel.

the Revolution was marked by the fall of the Bastille. This was the day Madame de Tourzel was called upon to emerge from her retirement, and to accept the responsible post of governess to the royal children. She was to be the successor of Madame de Polignac, the intimate friend of the queen. We have but to consult the letters of Marie Antoinette, to see how close and intimate was that friendship, how sharp the pang caused by the enforced separation. But the queen's attachment was as disinterested as it was sincere; and Madame de Polignac was commanded to seek safety in flight, while there was yet time, and the post of governess to the royal children became vacant.

The choice of the queen was soon made. It declared itself in favor of Madame de Tourzel, a person whose character was already known to her, on whose principles she could place a perfect reliance; capable of sacrificing her dearest interests in the faithful discharge of her duties; incapable of being influenced by danger and difficulty to neglect her charge. Moreover her name was not associated with any particular faction, and, therefore, not calculated to arouse the popular prejudice. There is no question that this mark of the royal favor would have been declined by Madame de Tourzel, had the office been then, as formerly, one of the most coveted of all the honors the court could bestow. She accepted it because she was convinced of the grave responsibility attached to it, and of the personal peril which it involved. We gather from the memoirs of her daughter Pauline, that the effort was not made without a considerable struggle on her part.

So Madame de Tourzel was appointed *gouvernante des enfants de France*; and, when presented to the queen in that capacity, was greeted with one of those graceful sayings for which the queen had so rare a gift: "Madame," she said, "I have hitherto confided my children to the care of friendship; it is now the turn of virtue to receive my confidence."

Of all the children born to Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, only two at that time were living. Marie Thérèse Charlotte, the eldest, born at Versailles 1778, Madame Royale, the prisoner of the Temple, the one survivor of her unhappy family, and Louis, Duc de Normandie, who, by the death of his brother two months previously, had succeeded to the unenviable position of dauphin. He was at that time, we hear from one of the queen's

letters to Madame de Tourzel, four years old, and four months all but two days.\*

"I do not speak of his personal appearance," she adds, "you have only to see him;" and Madame de Tourzel, when she did see him, described him in the first page of her memoirs as a child of most prepossessing exterior, and with a surprising intelligence, full of promise for that future which was closed to him in so barbarous a manner.

But at the period of Madame de Tourzel's appointment, although the times were perilous and disturbed, far from such a fate being even conjectured for the unhappy prince, he was of such great importance in the eyes of the nation that the queen desired the new *gouvernante des enfants de France* to concentrate her attention upon this one of her royal charges; contenting herself with a general superintendence of Madame Royale, who was at that time ten years old.

Thus Madame de Tourzel became installed at Versailles, the first days of August, 1789. It was not long before she perceived that the royal family were surrounded and watched by spies in their own household servants, who reported to their enemies an exact account of their every word and deed, and even of the impression produced upon their minds by the disorganizing decrees of the *Assemblée* as they succeeded each other with frightful rapidity.

Early in the month of September, it was signified to her by the king and queen that she must be prepared to start with them at a moment's notice, should they be compelled to seek safety in flight; and it would have been well for them if they had left Versailles while they had still two faithful regiments to augment their bodyguard, for it was the last opportunity of a safe and dignified extrication from their perilous position. In the first days of the following October the mob made the attack upon Versailles, which, familiar as it is to all readers of history, gathers yet a fresh interest when we read Madame de Tourzel's description of that climax of horror and expectation when the mob clamored to see the queen.

She appeared on the balcony holding her two children, the Dauphin and Madame Royale, by the hand; one on either side of her. The frantic multitude screamed, "Send away the children!" as they gazed at her with looks of fury. The queen motioned to the children to

\* Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, Madame Elizabeth. *Lettres et Documents inédits par Feuillet de Conches*, vol. i., p. 232.

retire, and remained on the balcony alone. The grandeur of her bearing, the courage with which she faced a danger which made every one shudder, had its effect upon the frenzied people: a common impulse of admiration caused them to abandon their hideous design, and to shout instead, "Vive la Reine!"\*

Two hours later, and the royal family, bidding farewell to a palace they would never see again, were on their return to Paris preceded by an intoxicated rabble, who bore aloft the trophies of their cowardly brutality, and followed by the wagon-loads of flour and bread which they pretended to owe to the "nation," but which, from the beginning of their reign, the king and the queen had more than once provided them with at the cost of their whole personal expenditure; † and which, a few days afterwards, the same crowd would toss into the river for the mere pleasure of creating a sensation.

At the gate of Chaillot, the mayor, with the keys of Paris in his hand, went through the mockery of descending upon the auspicious day which would give the Parisians an opportunity of welcoming their king back to his capital. "An auspicious day," observes Madame de Tourzel, with bitter irony, "which began with an attempt to assassinate the queen, which was marked by the murder of several of her faithful servants, and by every possible outrage to the royal family!" But M. de Bailly had never any idea of *les convenances*. And so at last they reached the Tuileries, where nothing was prepared for their reception; where Madame de Tourzel, carrying her precious charge, the dauphin of France, overcome with sleep and fatigue in her arms, was glad to avail herself of any stray piece of furniture she could lay hold of to barricade from inside the door of his apartment which remained that night without any other protection.

The dawn of the next day was only a degree less frightful than the one that preceded it, and a type of what every day would be during the remaining months of that year; an angry, insolent, curious crowd swarming and surging round the palace, clamoring in the intoxication of their success to see the royal family at all hours of the day. In the midst of so frightful a position, there were some few of the *ancienne noblesse* who remained faithful to their sovereign; and if they were but a score of the "ten thousand swords" which should have been ready to

"leap from their scabbards," their names are on that account still more worthy of record. Such were the Duc de Villequier and the Duc de Brissac, who commanded the Swiss Guard; the Marquis de Suze, de Duras, de Brézé, the young Marquis de Tourzel (son of the writer), who accompanied the king to the very gate of the Temple, but could not obtain admittance. Of these, and many others of similar fidelity, the king would, in the midst of his troubles, remark to Madame de Tourzel: "I find a true consolation in looking upon the faces of those who are still faithful to me."

But while this little band of faithful servants still held their post round the citadel of the throne, Madame de Tourzel, from the innermost circle of that citadel, watched the fall of the outposts, and each successive step of the advance of that awful Revolution which in two short years was to demolish the whole fabric of the French Constitution. She records them one by one, and the quiet, level tone of her narrative, while it forms a curious contrast to Burke's passionate invective, corroborates at every point those well-known periods of scathing eloquence. But the object of these memoirs is not so much to discuss the public events of the time, which have long been settled by politicians and historians, as to represent the effect they produced upon the minds of the king and queen. Their attitude, as described by Madame de Tourzel, was one of consistent forbearance, and her impression is confirmed by the letter\* of Marie Antoinette, at the crisis of affairs when the disorganization of the kingdom was completed, to her brother, the emperor Leopold II. The queen, while fully admitting the danger of their position, is still ready to find an excuse for their wicked rebellious subjects:—

Our position is one of fearful peril [she writes]. I feel it—I know it; and your letter has made a true guess as to the state of affairs here. Human nature is certainly capable of great and monstrous wickedness; and yet this nation, I know it by many singular proofs, is not bad at heart. It has the defect of being too impressionable. It is capable of many a noble and generous impulse, but these are transitory. It can be excited to a frenzy of passion as easily as a child, and, while the paroxysm is upon it, commit crimes which it will afterwards repent of in tears of blood. But it is too late then, when the harm has been done. . . . When one has passed through such horrors as those of the 5th and 6th of

\* Vol. i., p. 18.

† Ibid., p. 24.

\* December 27, 1790.

October, there is nothing one may not expect as possible. Assassination is at our very doors. I cannot show myself at the window, even with my children, without being insulted by a frenzied populace to whom I have never done the slightest harm; on the contrary, there must be some among them to whom I have rendered personal succour. I am prepared for any event; and have to-day heard, with no surprise, the people ask for my head.

The reasons for the king's prolonged forbearance are given at full length in the manifesto which he left behind him at Paris as the explanation of his flight to Varennes on the night of the 20th of June, 1791.

During that night, and through the early hours of the following day, this manifesto lay on the table of the deserted royal apartment, while the Parisians as yet remained in ignorance that their prey had escaped out of their hands. Who has not read with breathless interest the account of that flight to Varennes? Who, in the face of all historical fact, can, to this day, read it without hoping for its successful issue? The details of the escape are familiar to every one; but they gain a new interest when described by the pen of Madame de Tourzel, who, under the feigned name of the Baronne de Korf, played the principal part on the occasion, with the king for her valet de chambre, the queen for her waiting-woman, Madame Elizabeth as nurse to the two children, the dauphin being disguised as a little girl. Her testimony, therefore, as that of an eye-witness is valuable upon two important points: 1. The travelling-carriage. It has often been taken exception to as one cause of the failure of the expedition; but far from being anything remarkable either in size or appearance, the memoirs carefully state that it was a shabby, ordinary-looking *fiacre*, of the kind most common at that time in Paris. 2. That the king insisted upon a halt being made, that they might dine. Madame de Tourzel emphatically declares that neither the king nor any member of the royal family ate anywhere but in the carriage, and that they stopped nowhere by the way.

When all was over, and the royal carriage was retracing its steps towards Paris, surrounded with the troops of the Garde Nationale, accompanied by the frantic multitude with their ceaseless cries of "Vive la nation!" and "Vive l'Assemblée Nationale!" it is beyond anything pathetic to read the testimony of Madame de Tourzel to the heroism dis-

played by the king and queen, after this bitter disappointment, which was the downfall of all their hopes; the gentle answers they made to the insulting questions constantly addressed to them; the patience with which they endured the manifold discomforts of their return journey, the great heat of the August sun, the clouds of stifling, choking dust, raised by the people as they yelled round the carriage, an incident which did not escape the attention of that great artist who gave to the world, a few years ago, his masterly conception of this frightful scene.\*

As they approached Paris, the temper of the people became manifestly more hostile, and culminated in the studied insolence of the reception given to the king on entering his capital: the people silent, with covered heads; strange guards in every chamber of the Tuileries; the king and his family placed under arrest. Thus the disastrous failure of the attempt at flight only served to mark another epoch in the Revolution.

Unmindful of their own cruel position, the first private action of the king and queen on their return to Paris was to write a joint letter to the Princesse de Lamballe, to inform her that the enterprise had failed, and forbidding her to return to Paris. Her father, the Duc de Penthièvre was ill. The king expresses his sincere sympathy, and commands her not to leave him. The queen adds, in her own handwriting, her fervent hope that the princess will attend to the king's wish. "Je vous répète que je vous aime autant de loin que de près," she writes, with her usual grace, and concludes with some reassuring words as to their own health, which, she says, has not suffered from the recent events.†

It was not till after the king had accepted the Constitution that the queen, believing the danger to be over, invited Madame de Lamballe to return to the court, because, had she remained away, the new law would have deprived her of the office which she held in the queen's household. Madame de Lamballe, who was then in Germany, obeyed the summons without hesitation, although she was fully persuaded of the risk which she incurred in so doing. She made her will first, and left it behind her in Germany. It has since been preserved among her papers. On her return to Paris she occupied the apartments next to the queen in the palace.

\* The Return from Flight, by the late E. M. Ward, R.A., exhibited in 1872.

† Lettres et Documents Inédits, vol. i., p. 131.



The interval which elapsed between the return of the royal family to Paris on June 20th, and the establishment of the Constitution on September 14th, was spent by them in as much seclusion as they could command. They preferred to remain within the palace, rather than be exhibited as prisoners to the public gaze. The want of air during those hot August days came as a serious aggravation to their misfortunes, but they continued to endure them with that patient heroism to which these memoirs bear frequent testimony.

Madame Elizabeth was the chief consolation of a captivity which she persistently shared. Her attentions to the king and queen increased in exact proportion to their troubles. Invariably cheerful, with a natural *gaieté de cœur* which never deserted her, and to which the letters she has left behind bear a striking testimony, she was never at a loss for some resource to distract her brother's mind from his overwhelming cares, never without some consolation to suggest to the queen in the midst of her anxieties, and always the cheerful playmate of the children. Their innocent enjoyment of the amusement thus procured to them, made the one happy hour in those weary days as they succeeded each other, filled with harassing cares; only varied by some new insult, some fresh attack upon what remained of the royal authority, some menace, either open or concealed, against the person of the king or the queen.

Madame de Tourzel paid the penalty of her share in the expedition to Varennes, by being kept a close prisoner in the Tuileries. Her intercourse with the royal family was restricted to one visit in the day, always under surveillance; nor was this even relaxed in favor of the dauphin, her especial charge, till afterwards. When, at last, she regained the permission to be with him, she found the child had been persuaded that she had deserved her imprisonment for having accompanied the king and queen to Varennes. A few words very soon removed this impression, and from that moment there was no end to the assiduity of his attentions towards her, hoping thus to efface from her mind the recollection that he had once been made to misjudge her.

Never [she writes] was there a more engaging child, or one of more intelligence. He expressed himself always with perfect grace, seizing the moment to say what he thought would please those who were about him. He was very much attached to the King, but, being rather awed by him, was not so much at his

ease with him as with the Queen, whom he adored, and to whom he manifested his affection in the most touching manner, watching always for an opportunity to soothe and comfort her. She brought him up admirably well, and I must do her the justice to say that she never allowed her fondness for him to interfere with her judgment, that she never spoilt him. He disliked being idle, and was so fond of his studies that they had often to be forcibly interrupted, lest he should overtax his strength. Yet he was not on that account less lively or less gay. He delighted in running and jumping, and especially in climbing up and down steep places. He was not afraid of anything, and the little feats of strength and agility he planned for himself were often accompanied with too much risk to be thought permissible. He never complained of discomfort, and, although he was, to all appearance, far from strong, he seldom gave way to fatigue, however great the strain upon his strength. Alas! the very excellence of his constitution only served to prolong the torments inflicted upon him with such inhuman cruelty.\*

The restraints upon the liberty of the king and queen were removed when the king accepted the Constitution on the 14th of September. But it was a fatal step, taken contrary to the advice of his faithful adherents, because it tied the hands of the foreign powers who were only waiting for the king's sanction to come to his aid. So soon as the king had taken the oath to the Constitution no such sanction could be given. He voluntarily placed himself at the mercy of his enemies, who were bound by none of the restraints of honor and good faith which made his word, once pledged, a sacred trust not to be broken. No wonder that in the Assemblée the faithful few on the Right preserved a mournful silence during the reading of the king's letter of acceptance, while the Left only ceased their insolent applause to plan how they could minimize every mark of respect to be shown to the sovereign on the occasion of his compliance with their scheme.

The mockery of thanksgiving in the churches, the rejoicings and illuminations in the town, the pompous address of M. Pastoret, the president of the new Assemblée Législative, deceived nobody, least of all the royal family, that any permanent advantage would result from the new administration.

Less than a year sufficed to prove that their apprehensions were well founded, and that the promise of the Constitution to restore to the king his power, and make

\* Mémoires de Madame de Tourzel, vol. i., p. 372-3.

him one of the greatest monarchs in the universe, was utterly false. Whatever sacrifice of personal power, revenue, or dignity might be required of him, Louis XVI. was ready to make; but he would not sacrifice his conscience, and in the cause of religion he exerted the remnant of power still in his hands. He refused to sanction the persecution of the priests (*insermentés*), and instantly the names of M. and Madame Vêto were invented to inflame the people still more against the royal authority, while it was represented to them that all the troubles of the kingdom were due to this cause alone. But on this point the king held firm. He dismissed the ministry who endeavored to move him from his purpose — Roland, and the astonished Dumouriez, who thought himself indispensable to the king — and steadily awaited the result. The Revolutionists eagerly seized upon the opportunity to precipitate the crisis which had so long been impending. Under the pretence of presenting a petition, the mob marched upon the Tuileries. The attack, on the 20th of June, was only a repetition of the scene at Versailles on the 6th of October in 1790. Madame de Tourzel describes the multitude of people, so vast that they seemed to spring up out of the ground under their feet, with their hideous emblems, their clamorous shouts, armed with pistols, swords, and pikes, to strike terror into the heart of one defenceless man, who had the misfortune to be their king, his wife, his sister, and two young children. Their failure will go down to posterity — no king at the head of his troops on the field of battle commands the respect due to the courage of Louis XVI. when he threw open the doors and advanced to meet this savage attack. There were a few gentlemen round him, among them the son of Madame de Tourzel, who saved him from two or three deliberate attempts at assassination, and escorted him till they had placed him in the bay of the window, assuring him that they would make a rampart round him with their bodies if need be. "A man who has nothing to reproach himself with knows no fear," said the king; "put your hand upon my heart, and see if it beats any faster than usual."

"The Austrian!" cried the furies, catching sight of the princess Elizabeth; "her head, her head!" "Ah! do not undeceive them," said the noble princess, "let them think that I am the queen; there may be yet time to save her." The next moment the pike was actually at her

throat. "Put down your weapon," she said gently, "I am sure you have no wish to hurt me." And the assassin obeyed.

The queen, who had been unaware of the king's intention to face the multitude, had arrived in his apartment after he had left it. She was there with her children when she was apprised by the valet de chambre that the people had possessed themselves of the great hall, had disarmed the guard, and were already on her track. It was decided that the queen should await them in the *salle du conseil*. They burst into the room, led by the infamous Santerre. The queen was seated with a table in front of her, the children on either side of her. Madame de Tourzel, who was one of the devoted ladies who surrounded her, testifies to the unalterable steadiness of her manner, the dignity which quelled even the furious women who assailed her with a torrent of insults and threats, the gentleness of her replies to their odious accusations and threats.

One more such scene, on the 10th of the following August, and the long struggle was over. By the fatal advice of Roederer, contrary to the representations of the queen, and to the consternation of those who would have died in their defence, the royal family left the Tuileries to the mob, and sought for protection in the *Assemblée Législative*. Madame de Tourzel accompanied them, as they crossed the threshold of a palace which they would never enter again. Faithful to her charge to the last, she left her beloved daughter behind, *la mort au cœur*, when she thought of her possible fate, and followed the queen, as she led her children in either hand; on either side of the children walked Madame Elizabeth and the Princesse de Lamballe, who, by right of her relationship, had obtained leave to accompany the king and queen.

The noise of the cannon and musketry, the roaring of the flames, for already the Tuileries was on fire, the shouts of the people, left no doubt as to the downfall of the French monarchy, long before the decree passed by the *Assemblée* pronouncing the "*déchéance de Louis Capet*" was cried under the prison walls of the captive royal family. The situation was one of unprecedented terror. The king and queen shuddered with each successive shot, the dauphin threw himself into Madame de Tourzel's arms and cried bitterly. Always mindful of others rather than herself, the queen steadied her voice to explain to the deputies that her son was grieving for the loss of Madame de Tour-

zel's daughter Pauline, his friend and playfellow, and begged that, if not for his sake, for the sake of the unhappy mother, her daughter might be restored to her. Moved by an unwonted feeling of compassion, the deputies granted this request; but those of the king's faithful servants and officers who had succeeded in making their way into the Assemblée — M. de Tourzel among them — were dismissed on the following day.\*

The royal family were at that moment destitute of the barest necessities of life; these faithful gentlemen laid at the king's feet all the money they had with them. "Keep it, gentlemen," he replied, "you will have more need of it than we have, having, I hope, a longer time to live." The queen thanked them with tears in her eyes.

While the Assemblée were hastily passing their decrees, and while the mob ran riot in the Tuileries, a temporary refuge had been found for the royal family in the cells of Les Feuillans, a former monastery near the Tuileries, and within the precincts of the Assemblée. Madame Campan's "Memoirs" † describe the narrow cell, hung with green paper, where she had her last interview with the queen; for when the faithful woman returned on the evening of the same day (August 11th), she was refused admission; and on the 13th the royal family were removed to the Temple.

Madame de Tourzel was allowed to share their captivity only three days. The most interesting pages in her book describe these, her last days — though she did not know it at the time — with the master and mistress she had sacrificed all to serve. In the middle of the night of the 18th of August she was arrested, together with her daughter and the Princesse de Lamballe. To the queen alone would Madame de Tourzel resign her charge of the dauphin, and the bed, with the child still sleeping upon it, was removed from her apartments into his mother's room. The brave woman steadily averted her face, lest the sight of the child should unnerve her. She listened to the queen's instructions concerning Madame de Lamballe, to turn aside, if possible, the interrogatories which might commit the princess; she tried to believe in the en-

couraging words of the princess Elizabeth, who had by that time arrived on the scene; a few hurried words of consolation to the poor terror-stricken Madame Royale, one last look, one last embrace, and then they were snatched away to appear, even though it was in the dead of the night, before the Revolutionary tribunal. The result of the first examination was to consign them to the prison of La Force, where they had the sole consolation of being allowed to share the same cell.

Madame de Tourzel's testimony to the princess, during these the last days of her life, puts the final touch to one of the most beautiful characters that history records. To those gentle and amiable qualities which had first won for her the friendship of the queen; to the noble self-devotion which had prompted her to throw in her lot with the falling monarchy of France, Madame de Lamballe now added a perfect resignation to her own cruel fate, which she accepted without a murmur, and a most tender compassion for the sufferings of her companions. When Pauline de Tourzel was taken away in the dead of the night, it was the Princesse de Lamballe who helped her to dress herself in haste, who burnt all the papers that might compromise her, who comforted Madame de Tourzel in the first agony of the separation when there seemed little to hope and everything to fear for the future fate of the innocent girl. It was, however, for her deliverance, and not for her death, that this separation, apparently so cruel, had been effected. A few more hours and she would have shared the fate of the noble princess from which Madame de Tourzel was only herself delivered by an almost miraculous chance.

At six o'clock in the morning they were aroused by another domiciliary visit from six armed men, who asked their names and withdrew. Madame de Tourzel read in the countenance of the last, who could not conceal his compassion, the probable result of this visit. Then followed the dead silence, which was a certain presage of death, and which was more striking by contrast with the continual noise of rude laughter, low jests, and shocking songs, which had hitherto so disturbed the imprisoned ladies; a few fervent prayers, and still the frightful calm continued. Madame de Tourzel, in order to divert the thoughts of the princess, suggested that they should occupy themselves with some needlework. At eleven the door was burst open, and the men returned, demanding the Prin-

\* M. de Tourzel managed to see his beloved master once again. Disguised as one of the ruffians, he accompanied the king's carriage on the way to the Temple, kept close to the door, and never lost sight of the king till the door of his prison closed upon him. (Vol. ii., p. 265.)

† Vol. iii., p. 265.

cesse de Lamballe. Madame de Tourzel, though not called, determined to share her fate, and followed her; sat by her side in the court below, where they awaited their trial, and never left her till she was carried off to the tribunal which sealed her fate.

Calm and fearless to the last, had the unhappy queen, from her prison in the Temple, seen the sight devised by the inhuman cruelty of her enemies to overwhelm her with horror, it would have been redeemed from its hideous accessories, and robbed of its terrors, by the expression still retained by the pure and beautiful countenance of the princess.

The fate of Madame de Lamballe, frightful in itself, was still more frightful in what it foretold. It proved that not only the institution of the throne, but the person of the sovereign was now at the mercy of the most cruel and ruffianly rabble which the world has ever produced. Hitherto "the divinity which doth still hedge the king" had stood between them and him; when they had deprived him of his guards, had thrust creatures of their own choosing into the privacy of his apartments, had bawled their threats and insulting libels under the palace windows — nay, even when they had surged into the palace itself — his person and that of the queen were yet sacred from their violence, however much there might be to dread from the chance blow of the secret assassin.

Marie Antoinette stood alone on the balcony at Versailles — a mark for a thousand shots — they looked at her, and she was safe. The nominal barrier of the table placed before her in the Tuileries would have availed her nothing, if she had not carried that within her which held in check the frenzied mob when they rushed in with pikes and daggers to claim the head of the Austrian. It sufficed for Princess Elizabeth to give the order, and the pike at her throat dropped harmless to the ground.

The king, defenceless and unarmed, had the doors thrown open as the rabble advanced upon him, and walked forward to meet them in the simple determination to save his family by exposing himself, and owed his preservation to the undaunted coolness of his bearing.

But when the Revolutionists had dragged Madame de Lamballe, so to speak, from the very steps of the throne, had dared to try and condemn her to death, it was easy to foresee that, having shed the first drop of royal blood, nothing would now hold them back from the last and

most heinous crime it is possible for a nation to commit.

Four mortal hours were passed by Madame de Tourzel in the hall, after her parting with the Princesse de Lamballe, before she was in her turn summoned before the tribunal. Ten minutes sufficed for her examination, and her release was about to follow upon the simple candor of her replies, when one monster, who appeared to be absolutely thirsting for blood, made a new and perilous attack upon her.

"You were one of those who went to Varennes?"

"We are here," hastily interposed the president, "to pass judgment upon those crimes only which were committed on the 10th of August."

Madame de Tourzel then spoke, and said to the man who had questioned her: "What do you wish to know? I will answer you."

Baffled by the indifference with which his suggestion had been received, he remained silent; and the president, thinking the moment opportune for saving the prisoner, put hastily to the vote the question of her release, or of her death.

By the cry of "Vive la nation" which followed when the votes were polled, Madame de Tourzel knew that she was saved. She was led to the door of the prison. As she passed through the gateway, the very men who would have been her executioners rushed forward to embrace her and congratulate her upon her escape.

Worse than this were the demoniac cries of the populace outside, as they invited her to mount upon the mass of corpses and mangled remains of the victims of the morning, and to shout "Vive la nation." Shuddering with horror, Madame de Tourzel would have fainted, but for the timely assistance of her strange conductors, who had, for some unaccountable reason, her preservation at heart, and did not leave her till they had escorted her in safety to the house of a friend, La Marquise de Lède, refusing all recompense for their services. Shortly after her arrival, Madame de Tourzel had the joy of receiving in safety her daughter Pauline, from the hands of her deliverer, M. Hardi, and the details of the young girl's escape from prison are related by herself at full length in the memoirs.\*

Warned by the same deliverer that Paris was not a safe residence, Madame de Tourzel retired, first to Vincennes,

afterwards to Abondant, a place belonging to her son, also in the environs of Paris. Only once did she obtain any private news of the royal captives — just after the king's execution, and before that last and most cruel pang which put the climax to their sorrows by separating the queen from her son. Madame de Tourzel cannot bring herself to do more than touch upon it, and the horrible consequences which ensued. She whose pleasing task it had been to develop the growing intelligence, the attractive qualities, the grace, and manifold charms of the young prince, and of these a thousand incidents are scattered through the pages of her memoirs, must leave to others the exposure of those cruelties which cut short his promising life. She was, however, careful to ascertain beyond all doubt the fact of his death, so as to confute all future pretenders who continue to this present day to advance their claims.\* (*Standard*, Jan. 12th, 1884.)

It was not till the year 1795, after the death of Robespierre, that Madame de Tourzel obtained permission to visit Madame Royale in the Temple. She paused on the threshold, overcome with the thought of all that had occurred since she crossed it last, and ignorant as to how much, or how little, of the awful tragedy which concerned her so nearly had reached the ears of the one remaining captive within those ruthless prison walls. But Madame Royale knew it all. One by one those she loved had been torn from her, and for fifteen months she had been quite alone with her grief. "Manquant de tout, ne demandant rien." In those few concise words we read the whole story of the utter desolation of her position, and of the resignation with which she endured it. She lived to enforce by her example that lesson of forgiveness which was the king her father's only legacy, which was repeated by the queen as, calm and dignified, she mounted the scaffold as if she were ascending the throne, which was

\* She proved it by a personal inspection of the daily register kept in the Temple during the imprisonment of the royal family, by the testimony of the doctor, Jeanvot, who had been summoned to inspect the body of the prince after death. At first he refused to go, because, being a Royalist, he declared that if he detected symptoms of poison he would certainly state his opinion at the risk of his life. "You are the very man we want," replied the members of the Convention. Alas! there was no poison necessary to accomplish the task already successfully performed; but neither the cruelties he had endured, nor the shades of death, had been able to destroy the traces of beauty which yet lingered in the countenance, and made the old doctor pronounce it to be the exact counterpart of the portrait which Madame de Tourzel had happily been able to preserve. (*Vol. ii., p. 330.*)

reiterated by Madame Elizabeth, and which remained the last impression, when all others had passed away, upon the mind of her unhappy brother.

It was the duty of Madame Royale to transmit that legacy of forgiveness to France when, as it has been most truly described, the "awful censure of history" stood prepared to blot a name stained with such a series of unparalleled crimes from the sisterhood of civilized States. That duty Madame Royale fulfilled to the letter in a manner which, when at last she regained her liberty, left the French minister of the interior confounded and abashed, and which the court of Vienna, where she fled for refuge, could neither appreciate nor understand.\* But there was one person who could not fail to understand it. The Abbé Edgeworth, who had attended her father on the scaffold, who was waiting to receive her when she arrived at the old ducal castle of Mittau, in Courland, to be married to her cousin, the Duc d'Angoulême. Such was the character of Madame Royale. It might be read in her countenance, which recalled in a striking manner the traits of both her parents, the grace and beauty of her mother, the benevolence of her father, and was yet further ennobled by a ray of the holiness which so especially characterized the countenance of the Princess Elizabeth.

With the recital of this interview the memoirs close; but we learn from the biographical introduction that Madame de Tourzel passed the last years of her eventful life peaceably at her son's castle, Abondant, in the environs of Paris. There, while the past rose up again before her, with its pageant of unutterable sorrow, she could yet find a true consolation in the king's last message, which was faithfully transmitted to her. "I wish you could give me some news of Madame de Tourzel," he said to M. l'Abbé de Malesherbes; "she sacrificed all for me, and it would be a great consolation to me if you could let her know that I am deeply sensible of her devotion."† She died on the 15th of May, 1832, having attained the great age of eighty-two. It had been her custom to visit every day a monument erected by her to the memory of the king and queen. It bore the inscription, —

Quid sunt cineres?  
Heu! cinis ipsa deest;

\* Private Life of Marie Antoinette Campan. Vol. ii., pp. 360, 361.

† Vol. ii., p. 308.



recalling the fact that no sepulchre received those honored remains which the Republic hoped thus to condemn to an eternal oblivion, little thinking that the traditional glory of one of the greatest nations of Europe perished at the same time, and was scattered to the winds with the ashes consumed by the quicklime in the Cimetière of La Madeleine — incapable alike of being resuscitated by the ephemeral victories of Buonaparte, or of being damaged by the disaster of Sedan.

CATHERINE MARY PHILLIMORE.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.  
BARBADOS.

ALTHOUGH the West Indies constitute a portion of the British empire of which the majority of Englishmen, as a rule, know little, and in which they interest themselves still less, yet there are few who have not at one time or another heard of Barbados, and learnt to speak of its inhabitants as "Badians." The reason of this I take to be the popularity of Captain Marryat's immortal novel, "Peter Simple," which in a few touches gives an admirable sketch of the chief characteristics of the Barbadians and their beloved island as it was during the time of the great war — characteristics which are almost, if not quite, as strongly marked at the present time. It is true that in later years two accounts of the island, neither of them very complimentary, have appeared in two books of western travel, written by Anthony Trollope and Mr. Chester. But for one who has read these books I suppose quite a hundred have read "Peter Simple," and it is mainly through "Peter Simple," I suspect, that Englishmen derive their ideas of Barbados.

In commencing a brief sketch of the island at the present time, drawn from the recollections of a stay extending over a year and a half, it may not be inapposite preliminarily to point out that Barbados, Barbuda, and Bermuda are three distinct localities. This may at first sight appear obvious. But their separate identity is by no means universally recognized among Englishmen, who are apt either to consider them one and the same, or to class all three as portions of the Bermudas. The fact being that Bermuda is more than one thousand miles apart from Barbados, and not much less from Barbuda, while Barbados and Barbuda are nearer three

hundred than two hundred miles apart — distances contemptible, perhaps, on a small-scale map to the Englishman, but serious enough on the spot.

Barbados, then, is the most easterly and the farthest to "windward" of the West Indian islands. It is about the size of the Isle of Wight, very much in the shape of a ham, with the knuckle pointing pretty well due north; while the capital, Bridgetown, on the open roadstead of Carlisle Bay, stands a little to the west of the most southerly point.

Let us suppose the thirty-five hundred and odd miles from Southampton traversed, and the steamer anchored in the bay. The deck, of course, is crowded, and boats cluster round the ship like goldfish round a biscuit. Yet here, as is but rare in West Indian harbors, the shore boats are kept in great order by the chief of the water police, and consequently there is less confusion than usual on such occasions. We have several Barbadians on board, and their friends crowd in to welcome them. Barbadians are very particular about landing on their dear island properly dressed — that is, in their very best clothes, and with the orthodox stovepipe hat on. Observe this venerable gentleman, the centre of a group of admirers. He is arrayed in glossy black from hat to boots. Note also the gold chain, passing from one waistcoat pocket to another, and the glory of his white shirt-front. Yet all through the voyage he was content to be seen in a flannel shirt without a collar, the dowdiest of dressing-gowns, slippers, and a faded smoking-cap, with the rest of his garments to match. Every one observed, four hours ago on first catching sight of the island, how the Barbadians mysteriously disappeared into their cabins; and now the mystery is solved, and who shall say that the result is not satisfactory? But most eyes are now centred on the town, which does not present a very striking appearance. On our extreme left is one horn of the bay, under which are crowded the forest of masts belonging to the fishing-boats; on our right the other horn is marked by a battery and a flagstaff, on which floats a white flag, showing that the mail has arrived. In front, a line of low buildings, with a few trees, two towers, one square and one pointed; and behind, a line of low hills, green with the sugarcane, and crowned with innumerable windmills.

Nor does the town improve on acquaintance, and proud and satisfied as the Barbadians are with their little island and all

that is therein, I think that some certainly do feel, after visiting Port of Spain in Trinidad and Georgetown in Demerara, that their capital is unworthy of them. Bridgetown, to sum up and get rid of this unpleasant subject at once, is one of the worst-ordered, ugliest, dirtiest, and most detestable towns that can well be conceived. Without going into minor details it may be stated briefly that the streets are narrow and ill-paved, the corners sharp, and the general effect uncomfortable and unsavory. In the principal street there is hardly room for two carriages abreast; and the negro being an obstructive animal, locomotion is difficult, and conducive to much bad language and perspiration. There is but a single building at all worthy of a thriving town of thirty thousand inhabitants, namely, that comprising the public offices, which does its best, and not without success, to give the place an air of respectability. It is built in two wings of neat white stone, with a clock tower, the most conspicuous object from the harbor, and a small courtyard. The street in front of it also is broad and open, and thus an appearance of civilization is to some extent preserved. The only other large building in the town is the so-called cathedral, such being the title with which the parish church is dignified. It is insignificant to the eye from without, and but for the tower and the graveyard might be anything else. Nor is it much better within; an oblong chamber, with a gallery all round, unpleasantly resembling a music hall, and scarcely redeemed from that by an organ at the west end and a small window of stained glass (cracked) at the east. The subject of the window is a saint, presumably St. Michael, assaulting the upper half of a semi-human creature, presumably Satan. Above it are the arms of one of the best-loved of the bishops of Barbados, an ornament harmless enough in itself, but, unfortunately, displaying a monkey proper on a field vert, which trenches with dangerous closeness on the grotesque.

The only other object worthy of remark in Bridgetown is the statue of Nelson in a small open space of ground, duly christened Trafalgar Square. Barbados, besides being almost, if not actually, the oldest of the British colonies, is also distinguished from the majority of the West Indian colonies in that it has always been in the hands of the British. Thus, while the other unfortunate islands around were in a chronic state of capture and recapture, now French and now English, Barbados

remained unchanged and unconquered. This they owed, as they considered, to Nelson, and hence the statue, which in itself is remarkable for nothing save that it is painted a vivid pea-green, emblematic, I take it, of the intention of the Barbadians to keep his memory of the same color.

But let us get out of the stifling, crowded town, into the clearer air of the country, and see what it has to show us.

Any one who has visited any other of the West Indian islands (except perhaps Antigua) will pronounce Barbados, in a picturesque point of view, remarkably insignificant, and, as compared with her sisters, positively ugly. True it is that Barbados, not being of volcanic origin, has none of the wild grandeur and surpassing beauty which distinguish them. There are no towering peaks and deep combs, no vast tracts of dense wild tropical growth to smother the rich red soil with eternal, almost cloying, green; no cool mountain streams, shaded by tall tree ferns, and fringed with bamboo, palms, and cocoa-trees. Barbados is composed of coral, or, as some say, limestone, white, glaring, and dazzling when it appears, and where it does not appear, veiled from sight by the eternal sugarcane. For sugar is the sole product of the island, and, as such, has the monopoly of the land. The northern half of the island, appropriately named Scotland, is higher than the rest, and has in parts a red soil similar to that of the volcanic islands, and Barbadians will sometimes tell you, as an extraordinary attribute of their most extraordinary island, that it is half volcanic and half of coral formation. It has been stated by a geological authority that this is not the case, but that is no reason why Barbadians should not believe it.

The color of the soil, however, and the formation of the country, affects the natives little, except in so far as the cultivation of sugar is involved. The island is like a garden; every scrap of cultivable land is turned to account, and in many cases the bare rock has been covered with a layer of artificial soil, thin, but sufficient for the canes, except in excessive drought. It is extraordinary to look at the country and see the industry which has been employed in utilizing every inch of it. Everywhere fields of thick waving canes, unfenced and undivided except by the white coral roads, thickly sprinkled with the shanties of the negroes, the white houses of the planters, the low buildings

and tall chimneys of the manufactories, and the inevitable windmills; while here and there, but far too rarely, stand a few palm-trees, their plumes bent over by the trade wind, and a dead branch or two hanging sorrowfully down the trunk like the helpless wing of a stricken pheasant. Everywhere sugar, sugar, sugar — before which all must fall. The trees were ruthlessly sacrificed to the saccharine Moloch till a diminished rainfall warned the planters that treelessness means rainlessness, and led them to place under the protection of the law such trees as were left.

Thus it comes to pass that a drive over the country is most disagreeable, owing to the absence of shade. There is no escape from the fierce sun overhead, or the frightful glare of the road beneath; the latter certainly the worse of the two evils, and often serious in its effects on the eyes both of blacks and whites. The only relief is a shower of rain, which is hardly a change for the better, as tropical rain is hard to keep out, and if the sun came after it the consequent damp heat is almost worse than anything.

It is, of course, obvious that this high state of cultivation could not be maintained unless labor were cheap and plentiful; and this naturally leads up to the source whence the labor is drawn.

Barbados, within an area of one hundred and sixty-six square miles, contains a population of between one hundred and seventy and one hundred and eighty thousand people. Of these, rather less than nine and one-half per cent. are pure whites, the remainder being colored and black, the latter greatly predominating. It is to this enormous population that Barbados owes its long-continued prosperity; it was this which enabled it to stand unshaken when the abolition of slavery, and the withdrawal of the protective duties on sugar, wrought ruin in the rest of the British West Indies.

Nevertheless I must confess that I entertain a very strong antipathy towards the African negro as developed in Barbados. There are to be found, it is true, brilliant exceptions to the general rule, especially among old family servants; and of course any remarks made here do not apply to those of black complexion who, being well-educated and enlightened men, have done, and still are doing, good service in the island. But, taken generally, the Barbadian negro in his own country is a treacherous, idle, lying, thieving, sensual creature, with little to endear him to his white brethren. His insolence is pro-

verbial, and nowhere shows itself more strikingly and consistently than in the public streets. As surely as a white man's carriage appears, so surely will the negro, whether driving or afoot, do all that he can to obstruct the white man's passage. It is no use to speak to him, for the only result is an insolent rejoinder, and it is better not to drive over him or take his wheel off. Patience (for black policemen are like ours in England, rarely to hand when wanted, and, unlike ours, when at hand inefficient) is the only resource; and when at last the shandrydan, or donkey cart, is drawn out of the way, the negro will most likely start off just as you are alongside with a yell, and at the nearest approach to a gallop which his quadruped can raise, in order to frighten your horses if possible. The donkey cart is a favorite conveyance with the negro, and the number of them is so great as to constitute a serious nuisance. To animals the negro is, as a rule, most brutal, but yet, curiously enough, he is very shy of killing a dog.

The behavior of the ordinary negro towards his children is also marked by great brutality. They will send them out to steal sugarcane, and thrash them barbarously if they return empty-handed or are detected; nor are they more gentle to their wives, or reputed wives; and there have been instances where an incensed husband has found the stick insufficiently severe for purposes of conjugal correction, and has resorted to a saw as better fitted for the purpose.

In a "row" the negro's weapon is a razor, the blade turned back on to the handle and fastened to the end of a stick; a very efficient weapon in a crowd, inflicting a nasty wound without any immediate fear of actual killing. Cutting and wounding is consequently an offence dealt with more severely than others in Barbados, and the fondness of the negro for his razor is so thoroughly recognized that not only are none given to the West Indian regiments, but the men are forbidden to have them, and to be shaved is, I believe, a distinct offence.

As thieves the negroes are most expert, and burglaries are frequent, especially in the smaller houses. A henroost it is almost impossible to preserve from them, and if they get into one they will sweep it clean. Their mode of proceeding on such occasions is, I am told, as follows: having obtained an entry, they seize each bird from the perch, put its head under its wing, and whirl the unfortunate fowl round and round in the air

five or six times. The result of this (as I can testify) is that the bird remains torpid, and apparently lifeless, and is thus easily stowed away in a bag without danger of inconvenient cackling. Nor is it against their betters only that such attacks are directed; for they prey equally upon each other. Every night in Barbados is made hideous by the discharge of curious old firearms out of the windows of the shanties as a warning that the inmates are on their guard.

It need hardly be said that they are vindictive, and that their vengeance is characterized by meanness and cowardice. It is nothing uncommon for one with a grudge against another to wait till his enemy's shanty is closed and snug for the night and then, having barred the door, to burn it over his head by a judicious use of kerosene oil, in such sort that those within shall hardly have time to escape.

In the case of the planters, they will choose a windy night after a dry day just before harvest, when the dead leaves or trash are thick round the canes. Then a rag soaked in kerosene is lighted and thrown into the canes on the windward side, with the probable result that many acres are swept by the fire, and the crop seriously if not hopelessly damaged. I have seen five such fires burning at once in one night, and I have known as many as eight, spreading over areas varying from five to eighty acres. Children are frequently employed by the negroes on these occasions to avoid suspicious appearances, and it is very rarely that an incendiary is detected.

It must not at the same time be supposed that, notwithstanding the treachery of the negroes, it is easy to obtain evidence from them against their fellows in a criminal matter. They will hang closely together on such occasions, unless the accused has an enemy or enemies with an unwreaked grudge against him, when witnesses will be forthcoming without difficulty. This may appear at first sight incompatible with what was previously said of the distrust which the negroes entertain towards each other, but it is not so. The clannish feeling among the negroes is, within certain limits, strong; but if it could be certainly depended on negroes would have little to fear from a jury of themselves.

On minor points, that is, such as can be determined by the district magistrates, there is nothing that the negro loves better than litigation. Petty assaults, trumped-up charges, and (most troublesome of all)

questions in respect of small patches of land which have descended to negroes from grants made to their slave ancestors by their owners in former days, keep the minor courts busily employed; and as an appeal lies to a minor appeal court from every magistrate's decision, the negro can have his fill of litigation in the most insignificant matters. Litigation, in fact, is supposed to be a safety valve which ensures the quietness of the negroes, and no doubt there is some truth in this. If a negro loses his suit both before the magistrates and the assistant court of appeal, he will have no hesitation in reviving the question in the form of a petition to the governor. The blacks have a great notion that the governor can rise superior to the law, and the number of petitions sent in, and of personal interviews requested, is something extraordinary. In the slightest difficulty they will come to the governor, and much of the private secretary's time is taken up in interviews with such applicants. They will ask for anything from a piece of bread to a divorce, from a sixpence to a free pardon. These visitors are more frequently female than male, and these ladies will often put on their best clothes, and look their sweetest, so as to lose no chance of creating a favorable impression.

The idleness of the negro is not so unnatural, considering the circumstances in which he lives in his native island. Food is extraordinarily cheap, and a shilling will keep a man for a week. Further, alongside every road — unfenced and unguarded — the sugarcane, of which he is particularly fond, lies open to his hand; and though he is liable to prosecution for theft if detected, and all devisable means are employed to check this species of theft (predial larceny as it is called), there can be no doubt that incalculable damage is done to the crop in this way. To the small proprietor especially this is a very serious evil, as he cannot afford the decimation of his canes, and it also tells heavily on the larger landowners. The mischief prevails throughout the West Indies, and though somewhat discouraged by summary imprisonment, will never, I take it, be even approximately stamped out. Thus, as the ordinary laborer's wages are 1s. per day, and two days' work, or one day's if he steal successfully, will buy him corn, meat, salt fish, and rum enough for a week's living, it is no wonder that he will not work for six days.

In justice to the Barbadian negroes, however, it must be said that when they

do work they work hard in the cane-fields; and it is, I think, acknowledged that they are the best laborers possible for the cultivation of sugar. In crop time they will go out and work from early morning to very late in the evening, and they seem to take a pride in the produce of their island. In the other islands Barbadian laborers are much prized, and many efforts, attended with but small success, have been made to promote emigration among them. But they are not fond of emigrating, and if they do emigrate they will in most cases return. Demerara appears to be their favorite field next to their own country, and, being much valued there, every inducement is held out to them to come and stay. I heard of one who, arriving as a simple laborer, had risen to be general manager of a large estate at a salary of 1000*l.* a year; and I was told by his master that his services were cheaply obtained even at that rate. In fact the Barbadian, contrary to the proverb, seems to change his character, and that for the better, with change of locality. In Grenada there is a very thriving little colony of them, peasant proprietors, occupying one of the most beautiful portions of that beautiful island, and there are many more scattered among the other islands. In St. Lucia especially an earnest attempt is being made to import Barbadian labor; but there is one great difficulty in the way, namely, that the proprietors require such laborers to be bound to them, at all events for a time, that a certain return for the expense of the laborer's passage, etc., may be insured to him, and also for other reasons. But a Barbadian objects to be bound, and even the prospect of becoming a peasant proprietor does not reconcile him to it. It is unfortunate, because, if prevented from "squatting," they do well in such a position, and a peasant proprietary is undoubtedly advantageous to any island where it exists.

As to the morality of the West Indian negro it is well not to inquire too deeply. The proportion of illegitimate to legitimate children among them is pretty evenly sustained throughout the West Indies as five to three. But this is hardly to be wondered at when their dwellings are taken into consideration. Wretched little wooden shanties of one story, often containing within a space the size of a billiard-table, six, eight, or even twelve human beings — such is the worst class of house, but the generality are little better. In many cases there are partitions, more or less complete; in a few better instances

two stories, but this is very rare. Glass is almost unknown, a *jalousie* shutter propped up by a stick being, as a rule, the sole covering for the windows. At night the house is closed up tight, and between the real pigs outside and the human pigs within, the effect is not savory. The stifling air within also renders them peculiarly liable to consumption and diseases of the chest, against which a negro once seized seems unable to make any fight.

There is no doubt that a negro might, without any great difficulty, earn enough to keep him in a better house, but they do not care to spend their money on such an object. It is said that on four things only will a negro spend money — a wedding, a funeral, a lawsuit, and dress. The marriage ceremony is generally the last attribute of matrimony with which he concerns himself, but after some years' anticipation of the honeymoon he will, perhaps, have scraped together sufficient dollars for a great wedding, with four or five carriages. A funeral, also, they delight in, and their love of litigation has already been noticed. The love of finery may be noted on any Sunday or high-day; yellow, blue, and green are favorite colors with the females, while the males prefer a frock coat with a velvet collar, white waistcoat, drab trousers, silk hat, and boots. In fact it is extraordinary to see the gorgeous costumes that issue on Sundays out of the filthiest shanties, more especially when the costume of the previous day is recollected to have been two rather sparse and very dirty garments of once white canvas, and certainly no boots. To attire the whole population so gorgeously of course many skilled tailors are required, and in the census of 1881 no fewer than ten thousand females returned themselves as seamstresses. These ladies, however, have other sources of income besides their needles.

With such splendid habiliments to show on Sunday the negro, of course, is constant in attendance at church. On entering the sacred building the men's first care is to remove their boots, not from any leanings towards Mohammedanism, but because they are painful. In connection with this I may mention a ludicrous occurrence which caused some amusement among the English resident in Barbados. A black man holding a situation of trust in the garrison (I forget whether he was a soldier or not), was engaged to a black lady, and the general promised to be present at the wedding. On the appointed day the bridal party duly arrived,



the bride clad in white satin with the orthodox orange flowers, veil, etc., and white satin shoes. Everything was ready, but the general had not arrived. The bride became more and more uneasy, and still the general came not; the sweat poured down her black face, and still she held out; but at last human nature could stand it no longer, and the faithful bridegroom knelt down and removed the white satin slippers which had caused so much agony. Soon after the emancipation of the poor black feet the general arrived, and all went well, but still the ceremony was held to have been in some degree marred.

Once in church the negro sings very loud, and appears very religious, but few have much faith in this, and indeed their hypocrisy is so well understood that chiefs of police and other departments have been compelled to make it a rule to reject all candidates who bring certificates from their parish priests that they are regular communicants. For the rest, the negroes, upon whom I have dwelt at some length as the most important body in the island, are a cheerful, careless, thriftless lot, who between vice and stealing manage to lead a pretty merry life, and are probably as happy in their own way as the majority of people in this world.

It can hardly be said that there exists a middle class in Barbados, at least not what we understand by a middle class in England. Whether this be due to the strong "color" feeling which exists in Barbados, and places a barrier between those tainted, however remotely, with negro blood, and the pure whites, or to the relative unimportance in numbers and influence of those who in England would be described as the middle class, it is not easy to say nor worth while to examine. I therefore pass at once to the two divisions of whites in the island, viz., the fallen or "mean" whites, and the flourishing and regnant whites, *i.e.*, the planters and leading merchants.

Of the first class, or "mean" whites, it is unnecessary to say much. They are descendants of the original white colonists who have fallen from their high estate and become poor. With some of the best English blood in their veins they represent about as low a type of white humanity as exists. In color the hue of a yellow brick, long, lanky, ungainly, and hideous, they can neither work nor flourish in the tropical climate; but though unable to dig, to beg they are not ashamed. Too proud, and, probably, too weak to accept a menial

position, they have no scruple about asking for anything—from a place under government to a new hat. They are viewed with contempt by all others, white or black, in the island, and mercifully are fast dying out.

The rest of the white Barbadians may also be divided into two classes. First, the ultra-conservative and most bigoted opponent of progress; the true old type of Barbadian. Secondly, the moderate conservatives or tolerators of progress; a far preferable class to the other. Radicals there are none in the island, and from past and present experience there never will be, certainly among the whites, and not for the present, at least, if ever among the blacks.

It has been the fashion generally for visitors to the island to say nothing but hard words of the planters (under which name the white Barbadians may generally be summed up) and to magnify the blacks at their expense. That such people should have received an unfavorable impression of the whites I can well understand, but as to the blacks I am unable to account for their taste. The Barbadian planter is by no one more unsparingly abused than by the other West Indian colonists. They make them a continual butt for their rather feeble ridicule, and not altogether justifiable vituperation. They laugh at an island where there is no public park or recreation ground to speak of; where there is no river and no woodland; no tropical jungle, no glorious scenery; no spot, in a word, where a man may escape from the eternal sugarcane. They sneer at the form of Barbadian government; they scoff at the self-satisfaction of the planters themselves, and finally sum them up as a conceited, inhospitable lot, caring for nothing beyond their island save gambling.

Now all this is very well, and, no doubt, there is some reason in it; but it does not come with a good grace from the majority of West Indian colonists, inasmuch as it is chiefly dictated by envy. The island is doubtless at a great disadvantage in point of comfort, pleasure, and beauty, owing to the universal sway of sugarcane cultivation; but those who quarrel with this would give much to see their own island such a garden, and to have such a supply of laborers to make it and keep it so. So also with the government; there is not one crown colony that does not rail against that form of administration, and clamor, as I think unwisely, for the constitution enjoyed by Barbados.

I say *unwisely*, because in most cases the servile imitation of the English constitution has not been and cannot be a success in such small places, while the Dutch constitution as existing in British Guiana supplies all defects.

As to the Barbadian planters themselves, I take it that they are, altogether, the most conceited and self-satisfied people in the world. Their love and admiration for their island is carried to an extravagant degree, though not, so far as I can gather, quite so far as was the case ten or twelve years ago. There are still, however, a very great many of the older generation, and some of the present, who look upon everything of theirs as the best in this world, and do not care to inquire which is the next best.

When this feeling was universal it may be imagined how intolerably "bumptious" they must have appeared to a stranger, and how contemptible to an Englishman. It still prevails to far too great an extent, though the facilities of access to Europe have done something towards rubbing it away. I have heard more than one boast that he has never left the island; while many return from a visit to England more firmly persuaded than ever of its inferiority in every respect, except perhaps size, to Barbados. Fortunately, however, this is not always the case, and some of the more enlightened go so far as to admit that even British Guiana is ahead of them.

Another great characteristic of the Barbadian planter is his hatred of innovation and suspicion of strangers. How the former of these are shaken, though not overcome, will presently be shown; the latter remains as strong as ever. An Englishman if appointed to a post under government which in his opinion should have been given to a Barbadian is looked upon as a natural enemy, and no opportunity is lost of making this patent of the innocent offender.

It is not, however, fair to say that the planters are inhospitable. Of course, like all other people, if you are uncivil to them they will not be over civil to you; but it is not hard for a stranger to get into their good graces, and a friend of one is a friend of all with them. As your host, the planter insists upon one thing only, that you shall do exactly what you like, treat all that is his as yours, and be put to no trouble or expense. If he wishes to see you at his house he does not give the vague invitation that is really no invitation to "come up any day you

please;" he insists that you shall name a day, any day that suits you, and on that day his carriage will come for you, generally with himself to escort you, or, should his absence be unavoidable, with a polite apology, frequently accompanied by a huge case of cigars to smoke on the way. When you arrive he knows exactly what you want—a wash and something to drink. If he has a swimming-bath it will be full and ready for you, and you can have what you like to drink; nor will he quarrel with you if you prefer non-intoxicating liquor.

The planters' houses are generally very cool and comfortable. They are, as a rule, built low to lessen the danger in case of a hurricane; more than two stories are rare. The largest front possible is presented to the trade wind, and in most cases there is a broad verandah all round. Within, the ornaments and furniture are not in the best taste; the walls are sparsely covered with indifferent prints, most frequently from Landseer's pictures, of a cheap and paltry nature. In fact, the decorations seldom rise above the level of those commonly found in the rooms of a public school boy. Nevertheless, cool air and warm hospitality will do much to remove the disagreeable impressions produced by the inanimate surroundings.

It is the exception for a planter to keep the approach to his house pretty or even tidy, a neglect which jars on the Englishman. For this, the native antipathy to trees and the high value of land may in some measure account; but the general excuse is want of time to attend to such small matters, and want of dollars may often have something to say to it. Nevertheless, there are houses—though they are the exception—where the garden and grounds receive as much care as the canes. In such places the verandah is festooned with creepers, and there are few things more pleasant after a hard day's work than to lie in a hammock in such a verandah with the cool trade wind blowing through the tangles of the stephanotis, while the eye can travel over grey plumbago and scarlet poinsettia and frangipanni of every tint from white to crimson, over waving canes and tall nodding palms to the intense blue of the Atlantic.

Sugar occupies not unnaturally most of the planter's thoughts, takes up the greater part of his time, and forms the subject of most of his conversation. Beyond it the planter takes interest in little, and there is little else in the island in

which he can take interest. The canefields often come right up to the house; the yard is filled with stacks of megass, or dried canes from which the juice has been expressed, and the estate machinery is within a stone's throw. Next to the canes the barometer and rain-gauge receive the greatest attention. The dread of a hurricane, though none has occurred since the disastrous year 1831, is uppermost in the Barbadian mind, and this cannot be wondered at. The barometer as a rule stands very high, and if it fall to  $29^{\circ}$ , a hurricane is certain. I remember one day, when the barometer fell just below  $29\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ , that an old gentleman came anxiously up to see if his barometer tallied with others, and perceiving that it did, hastened home and looked to the fittings of his "hurricane bars" lest his windows should be blown in and his house demolished.

For amusement the planter has not a very wide field to select from. There is no sport worthy of the name, so he generally sits down to a comfortable rubber about five o'clock, after his day's work. Whist is a favorite game in Barbados, and loo is also popular; so much so that, as has been already said, it lays the planters open to the charge of being inveterate gamblers. But though this may once have been so, I do not think it can be truly said of them now.

Thus the existence of the gentlemen is, as may be imagined, not a very lively one, but that of the ladies must, I conceive, be more than monotonous. There is little for them to do, and beyond sugar, little to talk about. Dancing is their favorite occupation, and without disrespect to them, I doubt if, as a rule, they, that is the younger ones among them, care for much else. The climate and the meagre resources of the island are mostly to blame for this. English women have no business in the tropics even if English men have.

The life of the planter is not an easy one. He has to be abroad early to go round his estate, and keep a very sharp eye both on canes and negroes. Over and above the ordinary anxieties incident to sugar-planting, and all other cultivation, there are the depredations of the negroes to guard against before the crop is reaped. During crop time he must be in the fields, or in the works, morning, noon, and night. Every Barbadian who does well is sure either to begin or end as a planter. Sugar is the only thing for which they really have a liking; planting is their sole ambition, and the only result is that too many

take up the business with insufficient or borrowed capital, and become heavily involved. Once in the power of the great West Indian firms, which are to the planter what the children of Israel are to the Englishman, he will hardly shake himself free. A life of burden and retrogression is sure to follow, ending sooner or later in complete ruin. Half the property in the island is said to belong to these firms really if not ostensibly, and it being to their interest that estates should not be broken up into small holdings, and that things should remain as they have done for the last two centuries, the island suffers greatly from such an incubus. Happily one great blow has been struck at them by the abolition of the law giving priority to the consignee's lien, which ensured to them the power of keeping estates, to the owners of which they had made advances, in their own hands. The upset price of good sugar land in Barbados is 100*l.* an acre, and the size of estates ranges from about eighty to three hundred acres, one hundred and fifty acres being, so far as I can recollect, about the average. If smaller portions could be bought, many could be worked without borrowed capital; but the Shylocks will not permit this. If a planter fails, and an estate is sold, they will take it all over to prevent its being broken up.

When the planter fails he turns almost invariably to the public service as a means of getting his bread. Throughout the Windward Islands at least, and I suspect throughout the West Indies generally, an impression prevails that the public service is intended to be a refuge to broken-down planters; and this impression it is extremely difficult to remove. A place never falls vacant, from the highest to the lowest, without applications from many who rest their claims solely on the fact that they have failed in everything else; nay, even men who are doing well in other posts will apply, on the supposition that the public will be sufficiently well served if they give up to it, not their whole time, but so much of it as they can spare from their other business; in a word, if they put themselves first and the public second. A great trouble with the Barbadians is the difficulty of persuading them to accept a post in any but their own island. They will not see that in such a small place where nearly every one is more or less nearly related, local associations cannot but prevent a public officer from executing his duty disinterestedly and impartially. It is the more astonishing, for

when Barbadians can be prevailed upon to leave their own public service for that of another colony, they as a rule do extremely well, and bring credit on their native place. It must be said to the great honor of the Barbadian public service, that it is free from the scandals which are so frequent in those of neighboring islands. Embezzlement is far too common in many of them, more especially in those where the inhabitants are of mixed French and English origin; but I do not think such a thing would be possible in Barbados, and if Nelson by warding off a French occupation saved the island from this also, his statue should be covered with gold rather than green paint.

The great glory of the Barbadians is their constitution, which, as they never weary of relating, they have possessed for more than two hundred years. The said constitution is of course formed on the model of our own. There is the governor in place of the sovereign, the Legislative Council to represent the House of Lords, and the House of Assembly for the House of Commons.

The House of Assembly is, of course, the most important and most self-important of the three. It consists of twenty-six members, two for each of the twelve parishes into which the island is divided, and two for the city of Bridgetown. It is elected annually, but the elections have long been a complete farce. The number of registered electors in 1882 was about fourteen hundred (out of one hundred and seventy-five thousand people). A few more perhaps had the requisite qualifications but did not care to exercise the privilege, and so this admirably conceived representative assembly has degenerated into an assembly of the planters' nominees. There is no excitement, no trouble taken about it, and a contested election is rare. I remember one when a young man of the old ultra-Conservative Barbadian type opposed a so called government candidate, and was duly elected by, I think, twenty-nine votes to twenty-five; a triumphant majority, which was duly extolled in the pages of the organ of that section.

The House sits in a handsome room in the public buildings. There is no government side and opposition side, but all sit in deep armchairs round a horseshoe table, with the speaker, gowned but not wigged, perched up on a dais at one end, so that the effect is rather that of a lot of grown-up schoolboys in a luxurious schoolroom.

The House of Assembly of Barbados is not the most hard-worked assembly in the world. It meets once a week, generally on Tuesdays at twelve noon, and sits for three or four hours. It is the function of the Assembly to examine, with extreme suspicion, and in most cases to oppose, any proposal that emanates from the governor or the Colonial Office. It is equally one of its functions to ask questions about everything that is done and a good many things that are not done by any Englishman holding an appointment in the public service, or any Barbadian official who is inclined to go strongly with the government; such persons being looked upon always as doubtful characters.

It is much to be deplored that the leading gentlemen of the island decline to come forward as candidates for seats in the House, and thus permit them to be filled by men with no stake in the country and utterly unfit for the post. The usual excuse is want of time, and so long as the hours of sitting are from noon onwards there can be no doubt that it is not altogether invalid; for the leading merchants could not, without some inconvenience, leave their offices at the busiest time of the day. Yet taking into account the value they set on their so-called constitution and the endless praises that they shower on it, it is not, I think, altogether creditable that they should make no effort to uphold the respectability of its representative Assembly; more especially when it is remembered that the elections are little trouble and less expense, while the whole time for which the House sits during the year does not exceed two hundred hours.

The Legislative Council is composed of retired members of the lower house and other leading gentlemen in the island nominated by the crown. They have, of course, the distinctive title of "Honorable," but even this often fails to induce the local magnates to accept a seat in the Council; such is their apathy as to the conduct of public business. As is usually the case with upper chambers the Legislative Council has little influence in the management of affairs, so there is no need to dwell on it at any greater length.

The constitution of Barbados was once in imminent peril. This was in the year 1876. The Barbadians are extremely proud of their attitude and general behavior on that occasion, and never lose an opportunity of exalting themselves and debasing those who were their opponents

in that memorable year. The story is a long one, and to any one who knows anything of the island, comical in the extreme, but it is not possible here to give more than the barest outline of that momentous crisis in Barbadian history. Suffice it to say that a governor came out with orders to endeavor to confederate the Windward Islands as had recently been done in the case of the Leewards. The four other islands of the group agreed to part with their constitutions and are crown colonies at this day, but Barbados stood out and refused. It was not unnatural that the Barbadians, with greater wealth than the other four put together, should be disinclined to devote their resources to the benefit of any but themselves, and so a contest arose between the whites, *i.e.*, the dominant body, and the governor. The negroes rose against the whites, why it is not for me to determine, and began to use violence. A few were shot down and order was restored. The planters lost their heads utterly, became frantic with rage and fear, and acted according to their dictates. The governor kept his head and cared for none of these things, till at last he was recalled amid the exultation of the whites and the sorrow of the blacks. The Barbadians were and still are jubilant over their victory, but I do not think that either side had much to boast of; and certainly neither can say with truth that it employed none but fair and honorable means to carry on the contest. Such is in two words the story of the great Barbadian Revolution, and to those who care to know more about it I would recommend the blue-book treating of the riots in Barbados in 1876 as most amusing reading. My sympathies in the struggle are, I confess, with the victorious party, but at the same time I do not think it altogether necessary that they should extend against every governor the antipathy which they entertained towards the gentleman who held that office in 1876. Nor, again, is it altogether seemly for a community which is more than ordinarily loyal, and plumes itself openly upon its loyalty, to treasure the remembrance of a not altogether creditable victory over the queen's representative.

Much remains to be done. The existing poor law is hopelessly inadequate and inefficient, and a stringent bastardy law is much needed. Together with these, a scheme of emigration will be advisable, if not absolutely necessary. A bill extending the franchise to many who did not

enjoy it under the old system is in progress, even if it be not already passed. Another very desirable change is the abolition — or at least reform — of the various petty parochial boards and vestries, to which are intrusted, after the model of the old country, the relief of the poor, the maintenance of the roads, etc. The existence of such little *imperia in imperio* within an island of the small size of Barbados is ridiculous, and the work done under their direction is, as a rule, unsatisfactory and expensive.

The present governor has accomplished more during the four years that he has held that office than could have been expected from most men in twenty, but the Barbadians can hardly hope to keep him much longer, and it will depend in great measure on his successor whether the work which he may leave to be done will be satisfactorily completed. For though Barbados enjoys representative institutions, yet a good and energetic governor is essential to its prosperity. Whether it be due to dread of opposition, or, as is more likely, to unwillingness to disturb the old, old order of things, natives of the island are averse to taking any initiative in the matter of alterations, however crying the need for them; but with a tactful governor to show them the way, those that will admit that there are perhaps a few things in the island which are susceptible of improvement, are ready to follow, cautiously enough at first, but gradually with more and more confidence.

The position of the governor is, of course, a thankless one, for no matter how genuine and obvious his wish to labor impartially and disinterestedly for the public good, measures proposed by him are sure to be received with suspicion by almost all, and obstructive opposition by a great many; to say nothing of the uniform scurrility of the press. This last, however, is of no very great importance, and unworthy of notice.

From such a press, as may be imagined, a governor has little to fear and much that may amuse; but the present governor, I suspect, by his last crowning work for the island, has earned the laudations even of his editorial enemies. For Barbados is now at last to be severed from the rest of the Windward Islands, and erected into a separate government, retaining all its old privileges, and gaining in addition the advantage of enjoying the exclusive attention of the gentleman appointed to represent the sovereign therein. The other Windward Islands will also be



constituted into a separate government, and, it is to be hoped, confederated — an arrangement which will be for the profit of all concerned. Thus the Barbadians are at last freed from the hated phantom of confederation which for so long has haunted them, and placed itself between the people and the governor. What a contrast in the last ten years! When the island was hopelessly behind the age, and likely to go from bad to worse, the only remedy which the Colonial Office could suggest was confederation. This was fiercely combated and successfully rejected, and now comes the irony of the result. The old colony has since advanced steadily in the right direction, and continues to advance; and this by leaving it to enjoy its unique position, and substituting absolute isolation for compulsory conjunction with other colonies.

Even Barbados, though, as has been already said, spared the curse of invasion, can show only too many memorials of the victims of hurricanes and the dreaded yellow fever. So recently as 1881 the latter appeared and the garrison suffered heavily, as did also the civilians. The Barbadians, however, faced the enemy like men, and never for a moment gave way to panic, though such visitations are now very rare. With full confidence in their island, which is, as they know, the healthiest of those around, they "came up smiling," and did not allow themselves, if spared by the epidemic, to die of fear. Thus happy then in the enjoyment of a good climate, able leaders, and an overflowing treasury, they need but two things to ensure their future prosperity, good governors and good fortune, both of which I most heartily wish them.

From The Times.

#### THE DEATH OF MR. FAWCETT.

It is with deep regret that we announce the death of the Right Hon. Henry Fawcett, M.P., the postmaster-general, which occurred at half past five o'clock, November 13, at his residence, 18 Brookside, Cambridge, from pleuro-pneumonia. Mr. Fawcett, who rode fourteen miles last Saturday, was seized on the following day with an attack of pleurisy, accompanied by inflammation of the lungs. On Wednesday morning Dr. Paget and Dr. Latham, who were attending him, issued the following bulletin: "Mr. Fawcett has been suffering since Sunday last from a sharp

attack of pleurisy, with inflammation of the right lung. During the last twelve hours he has been free from pain, and his strength is maintained." Thursday morning a bulletin was issued saying: "Mr. Fawcett has had a restless night. In addition to the pleuro-pneumonia there is increased bronchial irritation. The general condition gives ground for anxiety." In the afternoon Sir Andrew Clark was summoned to Cambridge to see Mr. Fawcett in consultation with Drs. Paget and Latham. When Sir A. Clark arrived he found that Mr. Fawcett was dying, and very soon afterwards the end came. Mrs. Garrett-Anderson, Mr. Fawcett's sister-in-law, had been in attendance since Wednesday. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre is temporarily acting as postmaster-general.

The premature and lamented death of the Right Hon. Henry Fawcett, M.P., has removed from the sphere of Parliamentary life a notable figure. The deceased, who was the son of Mr. W. Fawcett, J.P., of Salisbury, was born on August 26, 1833, so that at the time of his death he was in his fifty-second year. The elder Fawcett was one of the earliest members of the Anti-Corn Law League, and he was well known to and esteemed by Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright. When he had attained his eightieth year he was still an excellent and effective speaker. He appears to have transmitted something of his own fine, robust constitution to his son, who — until suddenly struck down by illness a short time ago, and now again by the attack which has had a melancholy and fatal result — enjoyed the most perfect physical health and spirits. Educated first at a local school near Salisbury, Henry Fawcett was sent, at the age of fourteen, to Queenwood College, Hampshire, where Professor Tyndall chanced to be a teacher at the time. In his seventeenth year the young student entered at King's College, London, and it was during his residence here that his imagination was first fired by the desire to embark upon a Parliamentary life. In 1852 he proceeded to Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and here the ability and enthusiasm he displayed were such that the most sanguine hopes were indulged in for his future. Alike at Cambridge as elsewhere, Mr. Fawcett's motto seems to have been *mens sana in corpore sano*, and he was passionately fond of all healthy athletic exercises. For nearly four years he remained at the university, graduating in 1856 with high mathematical honors, being seventh wrangler, and in the same year he was elected

a fellow of his hall. On leaving Cambridge, Mr. Fawcett went to London, where he began studying for the bar. He made no secret, however, of his distaste for the profession, which he would not have adopted save as a stepping-stone to a career in Parliament. He was already much more enamored of questions affecting philosophy and political economy, and was an ardent admirer and student of the writings of John Stuart Mill.

On September 17, 1858, it was the terrible misfortune of Mr. Fawcett, sen., unwittingly to deprive his son of the greatest physical blessing which man enjoys — the privilege of sight. They were out partridge-shooting together, when two stray shots from the father's gun struck the face of his son, the sad and singular result being that the centre of each eye was perfectly pierced by the shot. In a moment Mr. Fawcett was rendered quite blind, the eyes being completely destroyed. Most men, in the face of such a calamity, would have been overwhelmed by their feelings and plunged into irremediable despair. With Mr. Fawcett it was quite different. While feeling the deprivation keenly, in a short time he recovered his usual elasticity of spirits, and was far less afflicted by the melancholy event than his sorrowing father. The accident occurred on a spot overlooking Salisbury Cathedral, and the last gleam of nature Mr. Fawcett was able to perceive was thus associated with his native place. Facing the future with a brave heart, in the course of a few weeks he had resolved upon his course of action. His general health was not at all injured by his accident, and he returned to Cambridge University, where he devoted himself to the systematic study of political economy. With the aid of a reader, who now became his constant companion, and subsequently by the aid also of his devoted wife, he was able to minimize the evil effects of the accident. In just a twelvemonth after the occurrence he attended the meetings of the British Association at Aberdeen. Here he read, or rather spoke, a paper upon "The Economic Effects of the recent Gold Discoveries." As this paper was full of elaborate statistics, the extraordinary strength and retentiveness of the speaker's memory were tested in a very remarkable degree; but he mastered all his difficulties, and surprised his hearers by the readiness with which he also answered the objections advanced against his theories.

Having thus broken the ice, he now appeared frequently in public, taking, for

example, a prominent part in the proceedings of the British Association and the Social Science Association. He was encouraged to persevere in his economic studies by Mr. Mill and Mr. Cobden, and a speech which he delivered on "Co-operation" at the meeting of the Social Science Congress at Glasgow, drew high praise from Lord Brougham and other critics. He also delivered at Exeter Hall an admirable address on trade unionism, during the period of the great builders' strike in London, and this at once constituted him one of the ablest and most trusted friends and advocates of the working classes. In 1861, on the death of Sir Charles Napier, member for Southwark, Mr. Fawcett made his first effort to get into Parliament for that borough. He resolved not to contest the seat on the paid agency principle, and this and other things weighed against him, especially the circumstance that he did not specifically pledge himself to go to the poll. In the end he retired from the contest, and Mr. Layard was returned. In 1863 Mr. Fawcett contested the borough of Cambridge, but lost by eighty votes. The same year appeared his "Manual of Political Economy," and he was also at this time a voluminous contributor of articles on economic and political science to the leading reviews and magazines. He was elected in 1863 professor of political economy in Cambridge University, and about the same period made a third unsuccessful attempt to get into the House of Commons, contesting the representation of Brighton. During the American Civil War he was a warm supporter of the cause of the North, speaking forcibly on her behalf on several occasions. At the general election of 1865 Mr. Fawcett's wish was gratified, as he was now returned to Parliament for Brighton by a majority of five hundred over his Conservative opponent. Re-elected in 1868, at the general election of 1874 he was rejected, Brighton being one of those constituencies which felt the wave of the Conservative reaction in that year. He obtained a seat for Hackney, however, in April, 1874, and this borough he continued to represent until his death.

Mr. Fawcett was an effective speaker, though he somewhat lacked fervor. His maiden speech in the House of Commons was delivered in connection with the Whig Reform Bill of 1866. This bill he warmly approved of as a wise and just concession to the claims of the working classes. He made a smart and effective attack upon

Mr. Lowe. The speech generally was regarded as very successful, and the new member received hearty congratulations from his friends. In the session of 1867, when Mr. Coleridge brought forward his bill to abolish the religious tests required from members of the University of Oxford, Mr. Fawcett was successful in carrying an instruction to the committee on the bill, empowering them to extend its provisions to Cambridge. The measure, however, was subsequently thrown out in the House of Lords. Towards the close of the session of 1869, Mr. Fawcett raised the question of university education in Ireland by drawing attention to the restrictions on the scholarships and fellowships of Trinity College. He had given notice of his intention to move a resolution in favor of the removal of these restrictions, when the authorities of Trinity College themselves voluntarily anticipated the motion. Mr. Fawcett brought forward his resolution notwithstanding, being anxious for its discussion. In the following session the government carried their University Tests Bill, by which, for the first time, all lay students of whatever religious creeds were admitted to the English universities on equal terms. Mr. Fawcett also brought in his bill for opening to all sects the endowments of Trinity college, Dublin. As we have already seen, the college itself had, in consequence of the disestablishment of the Irish Church, determined to consent to the abolition of tests; and Mr. Plunket, the Parliamentary representative of the college, had taken the opportunity, on a motion by Mr. Fawcett for the production of correspondence, to challenge the government to adopt or reject the liberal offer of his constituents. Mr. Fawcett, in moving the second reading of his bill, delivered an able speech, and he received powerful support from both sides of the House. Mr. Gladstone, however, argued against the bill, without indicating the views of the government upon the whole question, and the solicitor-general for Ireland subsequently talked out the measure. Another attempt was made by Mr. Fawcett to settle this question in the session of 1872, but Mr. Gladstone still declined to allow his hand to be forced in the matter of Irish university education, and the bill was again talked out, without a crucial division being taken upon its principle. In this session Mr. Fawcett spoke powerfully on the education question, exhorting all parties not to waste time in striving after miserable sectarian triumphs, but to

unite for the solution of a difficult problem.

Mr. Gladstone's government at this time incurred considerable unpopularity in consequence of the Ewelme Rectory appointment, Sir Robert Collier's elevation to the judicial committee of the Privy Council, and other matters. Professor Fawcett, while generally a friend to the ministry, took a decidedly independent tone at this juncture. Speaking at Brighton, and referring to the appointment of Sir Robert Collier, he said it would be far better that a dozen administrations should fall than that Parliament should sanction the act of lawlessness involved in the colorable evasion of a positive legal enactment.

The Irish University question was not allowed to sleep, and in the session of 1873 it was destined to effect a defeat of the government. Mr. Gladstone introduced the ministerial measure, on which occasion he delivered one of his most important speeches. When the division on the second reading was taken, the Roman Catholic members coalesced with the Conservatives and placed the government in a minority of three in a House of five hundred and seventy-one members. The premier resigned office, but Mr. Disraeli, being unwilling at the time to succeed his rival, ministers resumed their places. Before the session closed, Mr. Fawcett again introduced his bill for the reform of the University of Dublin, and this time it was allowed to pass as a simple measure for the abolition of tests. During the debate on the defunct Ministerial Bill, the honorable member had delivered himself of a strong philippic against the government, asserting that their bill, if carried, could lead to no other conclusion but the establishment of denominational education in Ireland. The bill, however, as we have seen, did not pass, and ministers were now chary of burning their fingers again over the matter.

Mr. Fawcett took a deep interest in all questions affecting India. In fact, so warmly did he identify himself with these subjects that he was once described as "member for Hackney and India." He was for effecting broad reforms in the administration of India. One of his earliest speeches in connection with our great Eastern dependency was delivered on the occasion of the sultan's visit to this country, when it was proposed to defray the expenses of his entertainment out of the Indian revenues. He strongly attacked the government for their proposal, and

found himself one of the most popular men with the people of India in consequence. In 1872 he delivered a very telling speech upon the financial condition of India, when he obtained a committee of the House of Commons to inquire into the condition of the Indian finances. He made on this occasion a strong attack upon the supposed Indian surpluses, which were always said to exist, but which were very difficult to realize. His efforts in connection with India and his resistance to the efforts made to take away Epping Forest from the people made him exceedingly popular with the electors of Hackney. This feeling was further stimulated by his endeavors to get the benefit of the Factory Acts extended to the children of agricultural laborers, and by his support of other humanitarian measures affecting the health and welfare of the humbler classes. On several occasions, in the session of 1878, he was heard in the House of Commons upon Indian questions. He initiated in the first place an important discussion on Sir John Strachey's previous budget, condemning the increase in the duties on salt in Bombay and Madras in order to equalize them over India, when they might have been equalized by lowering them; and the imposition of the license tax on trades and professions, as falling with most weight on the poor. He also condemned the expenditure of the famine taxes on doubtful public works. Mr. Fawcett delivered a second important speech in connection with the movement of the Indian troops to Malta, charging the Beaconsfield government with having deceived the House in this matter. As to the statement that it was unnecessary for the government to inform Parliament of its intentions, he said "he would rather the government had squandered and wasted millions of English money than that they should have started on the career of bringing Indian troops to fight European battles without consulting Parliament. If this could be done, there was not a single thing the executive could not do without first consulting Parliament. Before such a step was carried out, Parliament ought at least to have been informed of the cost it would involve. Parliament was responsible for the good government of India, and if anything wrong happened there, Parliament could not escape the responsibility." Lord Beaconsfield's government, however, was at this time all-powerful, and its action on this and other questions which excited much comment was endorsed by Parliament.

Towards the close of the session, Mr. Fawcett once more raised this topic. During the debate on the Indian budget he stigmatized the Indian secretary's statistics as fallacious, and moved a resolution declaring that the House regarded with apprehension the present position of Indian finance; and that, in view of the power claimed by the crown to employ any number of Indian troops in all parts of her Majesty's dominions, there was not sufficient security against the military expenditure of India being unduly increased. After a lengthy debate, the resolution was negatived by 59 to 20. When it was proposed to defray the expenses of the Afghan war out of the revenues of India, Mr. Fawcett moved as an amendment, "That this House is of opinion that it would be unjust that the revenues of India should be applied to defray the extraordinary expenses of the military operations now being carried on against the ameer of Afghanistan." He argued that the government had declared the war for imperial far more than for Indian purposes. If the war was an imperial one, then England was bound to pay for it. He contended that there was no real surplus of Indian revenue, and that the money they were proposing to take for the war was money appropriated as a famine fund, and obtained by the most onerous of taxes. Mr. Gladstone seconded the amendment, but it was lost by a majority of one hundred and ten. A sharp passage of arms occurred early in 1880 in connection with the Indian budget. It was found that instead of the surplus which the Indian government had expected, when the budget was made public, Sir John Strachey discovered that he would have to make provision for a large deficit, and that this deficit was caused by an extraordinary miscalculation in the cost of the Afghan war. Mr. Fawcett stated at Hackney that Lord Cranbrook was made aware on March 13 of the miscalculation, although the prosperity of India and the existence of a surplus were boasted of by Conservative candidates throughout the general electioneering campaign. Mr. Stanhope indignantly denied this, and Mr. Fawcett at the same time wrote to the papers saying that he had been misinformed. It was not until the elections had nearly concluded that an explicit statement respecting the deficiency reached the India Office. In the following September Mr. Fawcett received from some native inhabitants of Bombay, who had previously subscribed £250 towards

his election expenses, a silver tea service and salver of Cutch work, enclosed in a carved wood case, also of native manufacture. The case was inscribed, "Presented to the Right Hon. Henry Fawcett, M.P., by his native friends and admirers in Bombay, India, June, 1880."

When Mr. Gladstone came into power after the general election of 1880, he proffered Mr. Fawcett the office of postmaster-general, which was accepted. Before the close of the first session of his official career the new postmaster-general had introduced several legislative reforms affecting the business of the post-office. The most important of these was the Money Orders Act, the object of which was to reduce the charge for orders, and to facilitate their currency. The cost of orders was reduced, and the transmission of the notes made less cumbrous. Another reform was also introduced in connection with the savings bank. It was provided that forms containing twelve spaces each could be obtained at the post-office, and when a penny stamp had been affixed in each space, the form might be put in the savings bank, and an account opened in the name of the depositor. These reforms the public speedily availed themselves of to a large extent. Mr. Fawcett also established a new parcel post, which has proved a great boon to the mercantile community, though as yet it has not been very successful financially. He further instituted many useful reforms in connection with the postal department, and brought the telegraphic service into a much greater state of efficiency than when he found it. But of all the reforms by which Mr. Fawcett signalized his control of the post-office, perhaps there was none which promises to be more beneficial (especially to the working classes) than his elaborate scheme of post-office annuities and insurance, which came into operation in June of the present year. The chief reason which had heretofore prevented annuities and policies of life insurance from being obtained in any considerable number through the post-office was that so many cumbrous and troublesome formalities had to be gone through. Under the new scheme annuities and insurance are made through the deposits in the post-office savings banks, and instead of a special visit being required each time a payment is due, the depositor has only to give a written order that a certain portion of his deposits should be devoted to his annuity or insurance. There are more than seventy-four hundred post-office sav-

ings banks in England, Scotland, and Ireland. The number of depositors is upwards of three millions, and the aggregate amount of deposits nearly £45,000,000. With a few exceptions, these depositors may devote any part of their deposits, or of the interest thereon, to the purchase of an annuity for old age, or to securing an insurance policy. A person may also become a depositor with the sole object of having his money applied to the purchase of an annuity or insurance policy. Annuities of any amount between £1 and £100 a year can be purchased on the life of any person not under five years of age. There is thus brought within the reach of every family a ready and feasible plan of insurance and annuity. Mr. Fawcett determined to make his scheme self-supporting, so that it should not become a charge in any way upon the taxpayers of the country. But while responsible for the elaboration of this scheme, the deceased did not fail to give the credit of its inception to the assistant receiver and accountant-general of the post-office. At the time of his death it is understood that Mr. Fawcett was engaged in perfecting other useful reforms in connection with the postal and telegraph services.

In April, 1867, Mr. Fawcett married Millicent, daughter of Mr. Newson Garrett, of Aldeburgh, Suffolk. She is the author of a work entitled "Political Economy for Beginners," and of a little volume of "Tales in Political Economy;" and she was also joint author with her husband of a volume of essays and lectures on political and economical subjects. Mrs. Fawcett is well known as an advocate of the cause of women's suffrage, and she has also, with her husband, taken part in many philanthropic movements. Mr. Fawcett, who was sworn in a member of the Privy Council in May, 1880, had also the same year the honorary degree of D. C. L. conferred upon him by the University of Oxford.

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From The Spectator.

#### MR. FAWCETT'S HEROISM.

THE feeling which has been manifested by the great body of the English people of both parties, and of all social degrees, towards the late Mr. Fawcett, is thoroughly creditable to their character. It arises in part, no doubt, from respect for a most sincere and independent politician, who, though ambitious, could adhere to



his opinions in the teeth of popular distaste for them; and though a strong Radical, could, and did, resist with all his might that suppression of individualism which is for the moment the temptation of a party who see victory close at hand, if only they can adhere for a little while to an almost Prussian discipline. Something self-poised in Mr. Fawcett's political character always struck, and strongly attracted, the average community. But the main sources of the popular feeling are undoubtedly sympathy with a misfortune which appeals in a special degree to the active and energetic, exciting in them a depth of pity rarely bestowed on any physical ailment not productive either of death or agony, and admiration of the courage with which the natural consequences of that misfortune were repelled. It was not merely that Mr. Fawcett endured those consequences without loss of heart or ulceration of spirit, in itself a great thing to do, — for, recollect, he was up to manhood a man of unusually clear sight; but that he faced them, fought them down, routed them, in a battle lasting through a quarter of a century. We feel tempted, as we consider his life, the work he did, and the conditions under which he did it, to use language which our readers might consider extravagant; but we will say most seriously that we hardly recall in history an instance of personal heroism, — heroism of the lofty, self-conquering kind, — to which it can be fittingly compared. If there is one to be found, it is in the life of some martyr who found no *sacerdotes*, because he did not die of his torture; or in that of some prisoner, who, like Poerio, parted with the light of day for years for the sake of his country; and yet on his release, when his freedom was announced to him, could ask as his first question, "And Italy?" We all know what it is to be in the dark, and the hesitation, the uncertainty, the fear of action which comes over us like a cloud; but Mr. Fawcett, born and reared in the light to manhood, endured that darkness for years, and so compelled himself that amidst it he did all that men dare do in the light. He walked, he rode, he skated, he faced multitudes as boldly as any other man. Imagine what the roar of the Brighton mob must have been to him. We cannot even conceive of personal courage greater than that which enabled Mr. Fawcett to skate over the frozen marshes from Cambridge to Ely, and to endure for hours without shrinking, or indeed with enjoyment, that tremendous

speed of movement over a floor that might be full of death-traps, of which he could see no trace. It is all very well to say he was constitutionally brave, and of course he was, or he could not have attempted the feat at all; but courage of that surpassing kind is either, as the world has always believed — and as we incline to believe — a distinct virtue, implying, like the kindred capacity of martyrdom, inner nobleness of soul, or it is a gift from above so rare and precious as of itself to constitute a claim to attention and regard. Courage is a fine quality, and the analytical thinkers are wrong in depreciating it; but in courage like this much is mixed that is in no way physical — perseverance, self-reliance, and resolve that the inner man should master the outer utterly. Heroes have failed when called on to risk assassination for years continuously, when sick, when sorry, or when tortured with nervous disquiet; but Mr. Fawcett faced a danger very similar in kind for twenty-seven years, during which he did, and did thoroughly well, all the work of a man who meant to be, and was, in the forefront of the political battle. Realize to yourself what it is to be a considerable figure in the House of Commons and to be unable to leave the House without gratuitous help. There was more than courage in that life, explain it away as we will, and that more was heartily recognized, not only by the blind, who everywhere watched Mr. Fawcett's career with pathetic eagerness and sympathy, feeling him to be in so many ways their representative, or rather, their ideal man, but by the whole seeing population, who could hardly enough admire the self-mastery patent to them whenever Mr. Fawcett presented himself before a popular audience. The audiences *saw*, it must be remembered, that he was blind, not only from his wearing impervious spectacles, but from a pose of the head in speaking which somehow always told the listener that the speaker did not see. If we could all show such continuous self-mastery, the major evils of the world would be half cured; and we are glad to believe that the people, if they cannot rise to it, can at least appreciate it as cordially as if the heroism displayed were of the kind that wins battles, or saves a household from the flames. There is gain for men in a recognition of that kind, larger and of better worth than even the gain which accrues from recognition of the man competent to lead.

It is difficult, at least to this writer, to

write of courage like this — and we repeat we are not of those who hold even physical courage to be one of the lesser gifts — without considering for a moment whether the world, and especially the English world, which has caught half, rather than the whole, of the strong side of Christianity, ever honors sufficiently the virtue most kindred to courage, the virtue of resignation. We do not fancy that it does, and think that in ignoring it, or passing it by as something beautiful rather than strong, Englishmen lose sight of a grand and a permanent source of strength, not only in character, but in life. It is not in them, we fear, without much reflection, to comprehend the majesty to which resignation may rise; but it should be in them to see, as we believe all Asiatic converts to Christianity do see, how deep a reservoir of strength they pass by with their buckets unheeding. Resignation is not, as so many believe, and as preachers sometimes are apt to imply, submission only, but has in it, when it is genuine, besides submission, self-sacrifice, self-compression — a very different thing, without which there were no martyrs — and courage, not indeed of Mr. Fawcett's kind, but rising, it might be, even to the height of his. Suppose he had been of another type, incapable, from imaginativeness, of that ride upon iron runners, but yet, like Milton, capable of facing his misfortune calmly, and deriving from it a clearer mental vision, and additional power for the intellectual work he was competent to do, would that have been a less noble form of resistance to the temptation to despair? It would have been a less useful one, and to Mr. Fawcett probably or certainly a less inspiring one; but we cannot pronounce it to be less noble, or to involve for men of other natures and other types of strength less of the reality of *virtus*, which Europe, in its unconscious linguistic wisdom, has made to mean both manliness and goodness. The passive virtues do not suit our people; and it is profitless to tell them that they are often as manly as the active ones, that to wait sitting is often the highest proof of courage, that to endure may require more fortitude than to fight, and that the men on the "Birkenhead" equalled the men who rode at Balaclava; but it is well to remind them sometimes of abstract truths, and this is one, — that in the resignation which they only admire as they admire meekness, as a quality which it takes a revelation to make fully admirable, there is often present in full measure that quality of courage which they admire not

by reflection, but by instinct. Take the courage out of resignation, and it is passive despair, or at best, only the submission which a convict may show upon the scaffold. There are duties to be done in the world, and continuous duties, which can be done only by virtue of a resignation that taxes courage almost as much as Mr. Fawcett's splendid battle with his destiny, though in so different a way. There is steel in the Christian virtues, though the Western world hardly sees it yet, and rather sympathizes with the Frank, who wished he had been on Gethsemane with his legions, than with the Christ who suffered, but did not summon them, — steel as strong as the iron which older poets would have said must have been in Mr. Fawcett's heart to enable him to achieve such a victory over fate. He did achieve it, and the English people rightly count it to him for good; but in the very cordiality of our acknowledgment that they are right, we are impelled to put in a word for the virtue which is in so many respects the same, yet which is so overlooked — which, indeed, among Englishmen is perhaps only perceived in its full greatness as one of the most masculine of all the virtues, by the blind, the crippled, and the very poor. "It is dogged as does it," says Mr. Trollope's bricklayer; and the doggedness which we esteem half a fault and half a virtue, talking as we do alike of "dogged obstinacy" and "dogged fidelity," is often nothing but the resignation of the dull.

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From All The Year Round.

#### A CHAPTER OF BLUNDERS.

PASS, certificate, and competitive examinations are, no doubt, all sufficiently serious affairs to examinees, and sufficiently trying ones to examiners. To the outer public, however, to those "who have no son or brother there," such "exams." are, as a rule, nothing if not a source of amusement. The "results" aimed at in examinations are, for the most part, admirable; but in the course of the processes, in the answering of examination questions, the unexpected constantly happens, and it is the unlooked-for results, the "surprises" of the occasions, that make sport for the Philistines. The situation on this head is easily explicable. It is a natural result of the modern system of preparation for examination — the cram system. Examinees bent only on "getting through" will answer questions

on the hit-or-miss principle, while others, whose brains have become more or less addled under the pressure of "memory work," will evolve from their unbalanced inner consciousness replies fearfully and wonderfully made.

Some of the "exam." stories current in educational circles, though characteristic, and possibly "founded on fact," have an air of belonging to the too-good-to-be-true category. A number of these are told against — and, if invented, were probably invented by — undergraduates. Thus — so the story goes — an undergraduate was asked to name the minor prophets, and, not having "got them up," neatly and politely replied that he would rather not make invidious distinctions. Another university man, called upon to give the parable of the Good Samaritan, did so correctly enough until he came to the passage where the Samaritan said to the innkeeper: "When I come again I will repay thee," to which he added, "This he said, knowing that he would see his face no more." Perhaps, however, the examinee upon this occasion was a conscious humorist, and had in mind the worldly-wise saying, that there are a great many people willing to play the part of the Good Samaritan, less the oil and the tincture.

Something of the same stamp must have been the candidate for a degree, who, asked to state the substance of St. Paul's sermon at Athens, said that it was "crying out for two hours, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians.'"

With variations, that is the substance of a great many sermons, and of other discourses beside sermons.

Such stories as the above may or may not be rather broadly illustrative than strictly true, but in any case they can be pretty well matched by others, about the truthfulness of which there is no doubt. Every year a certain proportion of the children of the London board schools enter into a competitive examination in Scriptural knowledge, for the "Peek Prizes," which consist of handsomely got-up Bibles and Testaments. They are "paper work" examinations, and the following are a few of the many curious "hash" answers that have at various times been put in at them.

"Abraham was the father of Lot, and ad tew wives. One was called Hishmale and tother Haggar, he kept wun at home, and he turned tother into the desert where she became a pillow of salt in the day time, and a pillow of fire by night."

"Joseph wore a koat of many garments.

He was chief butler to Faro and told is dreams. He married Potiffers dortor, and he led the Gypshans out of bondage to Kana in Gallilee, and there fell on his sword and died in sight of the promised land."

"Moses was an Egepshion. He lived in a hark made of bulrushes, and he kept a golden calf and worshipt brazen snakes, and he het nothing but kwales and manner for forty year. He was kort by the air of his ed while riding under the bow of a tree and he was killed by his son Absolon as he was hangin from the bow. His end was pease."

Of the numerous stories told in connection with diocesan inspection "exams." in public elementary schools, the two following are perhaps the best known and most worth quoting. At one of these exams., a boy, asked to mention the occasion upon which it is recorded in Scripture than an animal spoke, made answer: "The whale when it swallowed Jonah." The inspector, being something of a humorist, maintained his gravity and asked: "What did the whale say?" To which the boy promptly replied: "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." Another inspector, finding a class hesitating over answering the question, "With what weapon did Samson slay the Philistines?" and wishing to prompt them, significantly tapped his own cheek, and asked, "What is this?" and his action touching "the chords of memory," the whole class instantly answered: "The jawbone of an ass."

A good example of the manner in which students who are "in" for several "subjects" at the same time get their ideas mixed, is that of the youth who having to answer the question, "Who was Esau?" replied: "Esau was a man who wrote fables, and sold the copyright for a bottle of potash." Here the confusion thrice confounded of Esau and Æsop, birthright and copyright, and pottage and potash, is really admirable in its way.

As might be expected, the examinations of medical students afford some good stories — true or otherwise. As might also be expected, some of them are wittily impudent. For instance, a "badgering" examiner asked a student what means he would employ to induce copious perspiration in a patient, and got for answer: "I'd try to make him pass an examination before you, sir." The most frequently cited anecdote of this kind is that of the brusque examiner — said by some to have been Dr. Abernethy — who,

losing patience with a student who had answered badly, exclaimed: "Perhaps, sir, you could tell me the names of the muscles I would put in action if I were to kick you?" "Undoubtedly, sir," came the prompt reply; "you would put into motion the flexors and extensors of my arm, for I should knock you down." On the same lines as this was the retort made to M. Lefebvre de Fourcy, a French examiner, celebrated, not only for his learning, but also for his severity and rudeness. He was examining a youth, who, though well up in his work, hesitated over answering one of the questions put to him. Losing temper at this, the examiner shouted to an attendant: "Bring a truss of hay for this young gentleman's breakfast." "Bring two," coolly added the examinee. "Monsieur and I will breakfast together." Of such alleged answers by students as that the pancreas was so named after the Midland railway station, that the bone of the upper arm (*humerus*) was called the humorous, and was so styled because it was known as the funny-bone; or that the ankle-bone (*tarsus*) was so called because St. Paul walked upon it to the city of that name — of such alleged answers as these it is charitable to suppose that they must be weak inventions of the enemy.

Many of the comicalities in the way of examination answers recorded by her Majesty's inspectors of schools, the examiners in the School Board Scholarships competitions, and other the like official personages, go a long way to prove that in examination blundering, as in many other matters, truth is sometimes stranger than fiction. At least, it seems to us that no invented story — supposing examination stories ever are invented — could equal for "nice derangement" the following written answer which was actually given at an examination in the "specific subjects" in a public elementary school within the metropolitan area. The specific subject taken was physiology, and the children "presented" in it were asked to "describe the processes of digestion," which one of them did in this wise: "Food is digested by the action of the lungs. Digestion is brought on by the lungs having something the matter with them. The food then passes through your windpipe to the pores, and thus passes off your body by evaporation, through a lot of little holes in your skin called capillaries. The food is nourished in the stomach. If you were to eat anything hard you would not be able to digest it, and the consequence would be you would have indigestion.

The gall-bladder throws off juice from the food which passes through it. We call the kidneys the bread-basket, because it is where all the bread goes to. They lay up concealed by the heart."

Domestic economy, as nowadays taught to "children of the elementary school class," embraces a good deal of physiological knowledge, or rather, as applied to such children, physiological jargon. It is a subject which affords hosts of amusing answers, though, from considerations of space, two or three must here suffice for specimens. Thus, in reply to the question, "Why do we cook our food?" one fifth-standard girl gives the delightfully inconsequent reply: "Their of five ways of cooking potatoes. We should die if we eat our food roar." Another girl writes: "The function of food is to do its proper work in the body. Its proper work is to well masticate the food, and it goes through without dropping, instead of being pushed down by the skin." A third domestic-economy pupil puts in her examination paper that "food digested is when we put it into our mouths, our teeth chews it, and our tongue roll it down into our body. . . . We should not eat so much bone-making foods as flesh-forming and warmth-giving foods, for if we did we would have too many bones, and that would make us look funny." On the subject of ventilation, one student informs us that a room should be kept at ninety in the winter by a fire; in the summer by a thermometer: while a classmate writes: "A Thermometer is an instrument used to let out the heat when it is going to be cold." Another girl sets down: "When roasting a piece of beef place it in front of a brisk fire, so as to congratulate the outside." But an answer — still in domestic economy — that better, perhaps, than any of the above illustrates the jargonizing that comes of the cram system, is the following: "Sugar is an amyloid, if you was to eat much sugar and not nothing else you would not live because sugar has not got no carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen. Potatoes is another amyloids."

The definitions sometimes given by children in reply to examination questioning, are, to say the least of it, original. After a reading of Gray's "Elegy" by a fourth-standard class, the boys were asked what was meant by "fretted vaults," and one youth replied: "The vaults in which those poor people were buried; their friends came and fretted over them." Asked what he understood by "elegy,"

another boy in the same class answered: "Elegy is some poetry wrote out for schools to learn like Gray's Elegy." A class of girls, who had read a passage from "Evangeline," were told to write out the meaning of "the forge," and these were among the answers: "A firnest in a blacksmith's chop." "A firnest in a blacksmith." "The village smithy's anvil." "The dust that rises from the floor of a blacksmith's." A teacher, giving a reading-lesson to his class in the presence of an inspector, asked the boys what was meant by conscience—a word that had occurred in the course of the reading. The class having been duly crammed for the question, answered as one boy: "An inward monitor." "But what do you understand by an inward monitor?" put in the inspector. To this further question only one boy announced himself ready to respond, and his triumphantly given answer was, "A hironclad, sir."

A few years back there was published, as a curiosity in its way, the subjoined transcript from Cowper's poem on Alexander Selkirk, written (from dictation) by a fifth-standard boy at a government examination of a public elementary school. "I Ham Monac of hall I searve, there is none heare my rite to Dispute from the senter. Hall round to the sea I am lorde of the fowls to the Brute all shoshitude ware are the charms that sages have sene in thy face better Dewel in miste of a larms than in this moste horibel place. I am how of umity reach i must finish my Jurny a lone never hear the swete music of speach i start at the sound of my hone the Beasts that rome over the place my forme with indrifence see they are so unocent with men such tamess is shocking to me."

The examiner for the School Board Scholarships competed for in 1882, gives the following among other equally strange answers on historical matters. "When Commonwealth comes to the throne it is called Oliver Cromwell." "The treaty of Utrecht was fought between the Zulus and the English." "Lord Clive captured the Fiji Islands in 1624." "Cardinal Wolsey was a great warrior." "Walpole translated the Bible." "Walpole was another favorite of Henry the Eighth. He was the chief man in helping Henry to get a divorce." "Chaucer wrote Æsop's fables." In another of these scholarship examinations, Jack Cade was described as "a great Indian conqueror," Sir Christopher Wren was set down as "a discoverer" and "an animal painter," and Mr.

Gladstone as "a great African traveller." The battle of Crecy was stated to have been fought in the reign of George the Third, between the Britons and Romans, and "The Wide, Wide World" was named as Shakespeare's greatest work. This last, however, was not so bad as the history of a pupil-teacher, who informed the examiner that "Shakespeare lived in the reign of George the Third, discovered America, and was killed by Caliban."

A schoolboy habit of placing upon a question some literal meaning other than that intended by the examiner, often leads to answers as curious as unexpected. Thus an inspector, testing a class upon their knowledge of the succession of the kings of Israel, asked the boy to whose turn it had come to be questioned: "And who came after Solomon?" To which the youngest answered: "The Queen of Sheba, sir." Asked what were the chief ends of man, another boy replied, "His head and feet;" and a third, questioned as to where Jacob was going when he was ten years old, replied that he was "going on for eleven." One specially unimaginative juvenile, called upon to say for what the Red Sea was famous, answered, "Red herrings!" but, perhaps, the most startling answer of this kind was that of the boy, who, when asked what was meant by an unclean spirit, responded: "A dirty devil, sir."

To the type of answers here in view, belongs that of the little girl, daughter of a watchmaker, who having repeated that she "renounced the devil and all his works," and being asked, "What do you understand by all his works?" answered: "His inside." Something akin to this was an answer given by a boy whose father was a strong teetotaler, and upon whom it would appear home influence had made a stronger impression than school lessons. "Do you know the meaning of syntax?" he was asked. "Yes," he answered; "sin-tax is the dooty upon spirits." An inspector, who had been explaining to a class that the land of the world was not continuous, said to the boy who happened to be standing nearest to him: "Now, could your father walk round the world?" "No, sir," was promptly answered. "Why not?" "Because he's dead," was the altogether unlooked-for response. As little anticipated, probably, was the answer made to another inspector, who asked, "What is a hovel?" and was met with the reply: "What you live in."

Another peculiarity of the schoolboy mind is to put things negatively. As for



example, a fifth-standard boy was asked to write a short essay on pins by way of an exercise in composition, and produced the following: "Pins are very useful. They have saved the lives of a great many men, women, and children—in fact, whole families." "How so?" asked the puzzled inspector, on reading this. "Why, by not swallowing them," was the immediate reply. On the same lines was the essay of another schoolboy, on the subject of salt, which he described as: "The stuff that make potatoes taste bad, when you don't put any on." A prettily humorous examination story is that of the little Scotch boy at the Presbyterian examination. He was asked: "What is the meaning of regeneration?" "To be born again," he

answered. "Quite right! Would you not like to be born again?" He hesitated, but being pressed, said that he would not, and asked why not, replied: "For fear I might be born a lassie." Alike astonishing and amusing was an answer given by an adult examinee, who was "sitting" for a certificate as acting teacher. In the examination to test general knowledge, he was asked, "What is the age of reason?" and answered: "As many years as have elapsed since the birth of the person so named." It was also a certificate candidate who, in reading, rendered two lines from Goldsmith's "Edwin and Angelina" thus:—

The wicket opening with a latch  
Received the armless pair.

CHINESE NOTIONS OF IMMORTALITY. — A writer in a recent issue of the *North China Herald* discusses the early Chinese notions of immortality. In the most ancient times ancestral worship was maintained on the ground that the souls of the dead exist after this life. The present is a part only of human existence, and men continue to be after death what they have become before it. Hence the honors accorded to men of rank in their lifetime were continued to them after their death. In the earliest utterances of Chinese national thought on this subject we find that duality which has remained the prominent feature in Chinese thinking ever since. The present life is light; the future is darkness. What the shadow is to the substance, the soul is to the body; what vapor is to water, breath is to man. By the process of cooling steam may again become water, and the transformations of animals teach us that beings inferior to man may live after death. Ancient Chinese then believed that as there is a male and female principle in all nature, a day and a night as inseparable from each thing in the universe as from the universe itself, so it is with man. In the course of ages, and in the vicissitudes of religious ideas, men came to believe more definitely in the possibility of communications with supernatural beings. In the twelfth century before the Christian era it was a distinct belief that the thoughts of the sages were to them a revelation from above. The "Book of Odes" frequently uses the expression "God spoke to them," and one sage is represented after death "moving up and down in the presence of God in heaven." A few centuries subsequently we find for the first time great men transferred in the popular imagination to the sky, it being believed that their souls took up their abode

in certain constellations. This was due to the fact that the ideas of immortality had taken a new shape, and that the philosophy of the times regarded the stars of heaven as the pure essences of the grosser things belonging to this world. The pure is heavenly and the gross earthly, and therefore that which is purest on earth ascends to the regions of the stars. At the same time hermits and other ascetics began to be credited with the power of acquiring extraordinary longevity, and the stork became the animal which the immortals preferred to ride above all others. The idea of plants which confer immunity from death soon sprang up. The fungus known as *Polyporus lucidus* was taken to be the most efficacious of all plants in guarding man from death, and three thousand ounces of silver have been asked for a single specimen. Its red color was among the circumstances which gave it its reputation, for at this time the five colors of Babylonian astrology had been accepted as indications of good and evil fortune. This connection of a red color with the notion of immortality through the medium of good and bad luck led to the adoption of cinnabar as the philosopher's stone, and thus to the construction of the whole system of alchemy. The plant of immortal life is spoken of in ancient Chinese literature at least a century before the mineral. In correspondence with the tree of life in Eden there was probably a Babylonian tradition which found its way to China shortly before Chinese writers mention the plant of immortality. The Chinese, not being navigators, must have got their ideas of the ocean which surrounds the world from those who were, and when they received a cosmography they would receive it with its legends.